VOL. CCXI, No. 2755

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THE SPHERE, NOVEMBER 29, 1952
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The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

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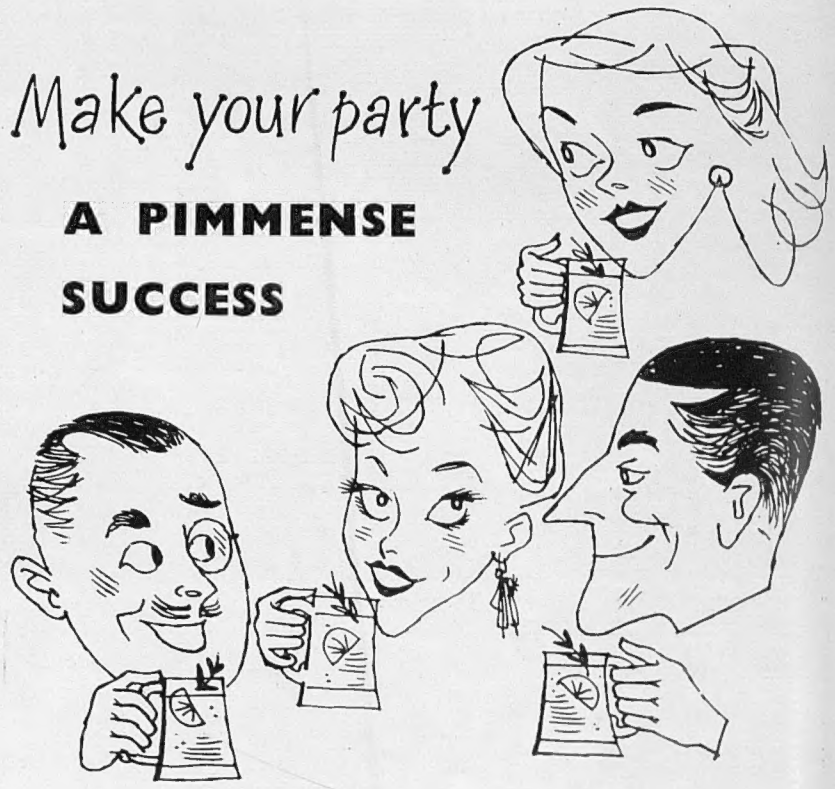

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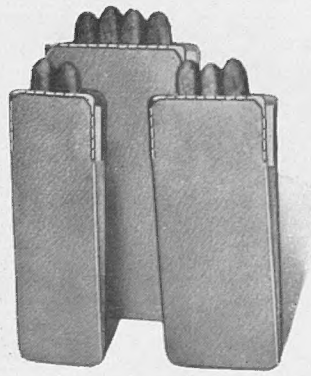
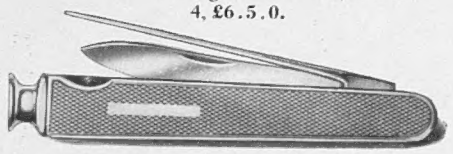
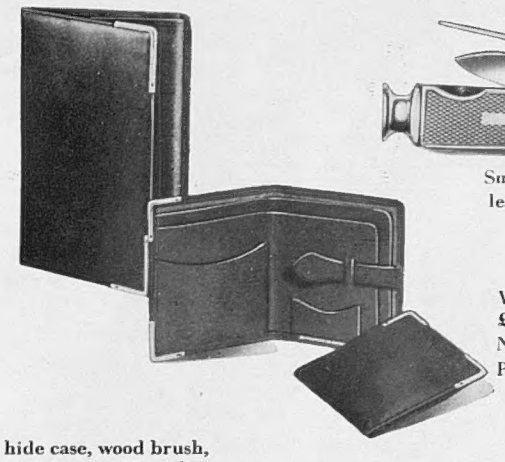


Pigskin Cigar Sheath, silver gilt mounts. Holding 2, £4.10.0; 3, £5.5.0; 4, £6.5.0.

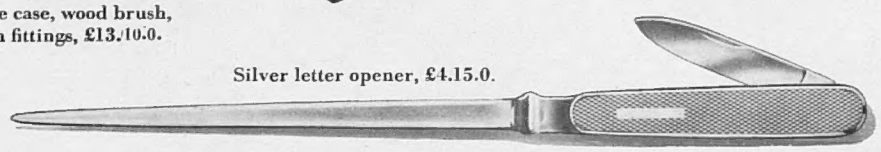


Smoker's Knife, silver and stainless steel £3.10.0.



Wallet, 2 silver gilt corners, Morocco £4.5.0; Pigskin £4.15.0.
Note Case, 2 silver gilt corners, Pigskin £3.10.0. Morocco £3.3.0.

Bison hide case, wood brush, chromium fittings, £13.10.0.



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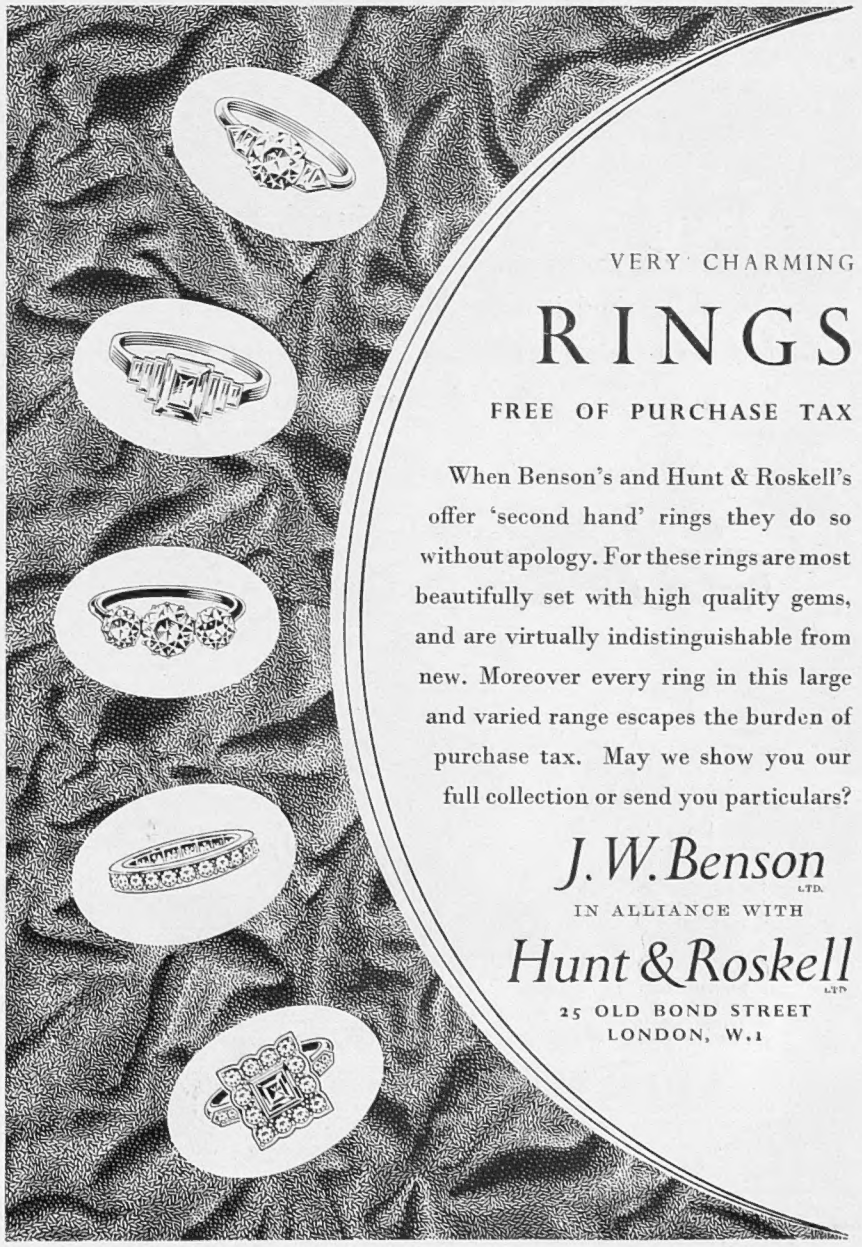

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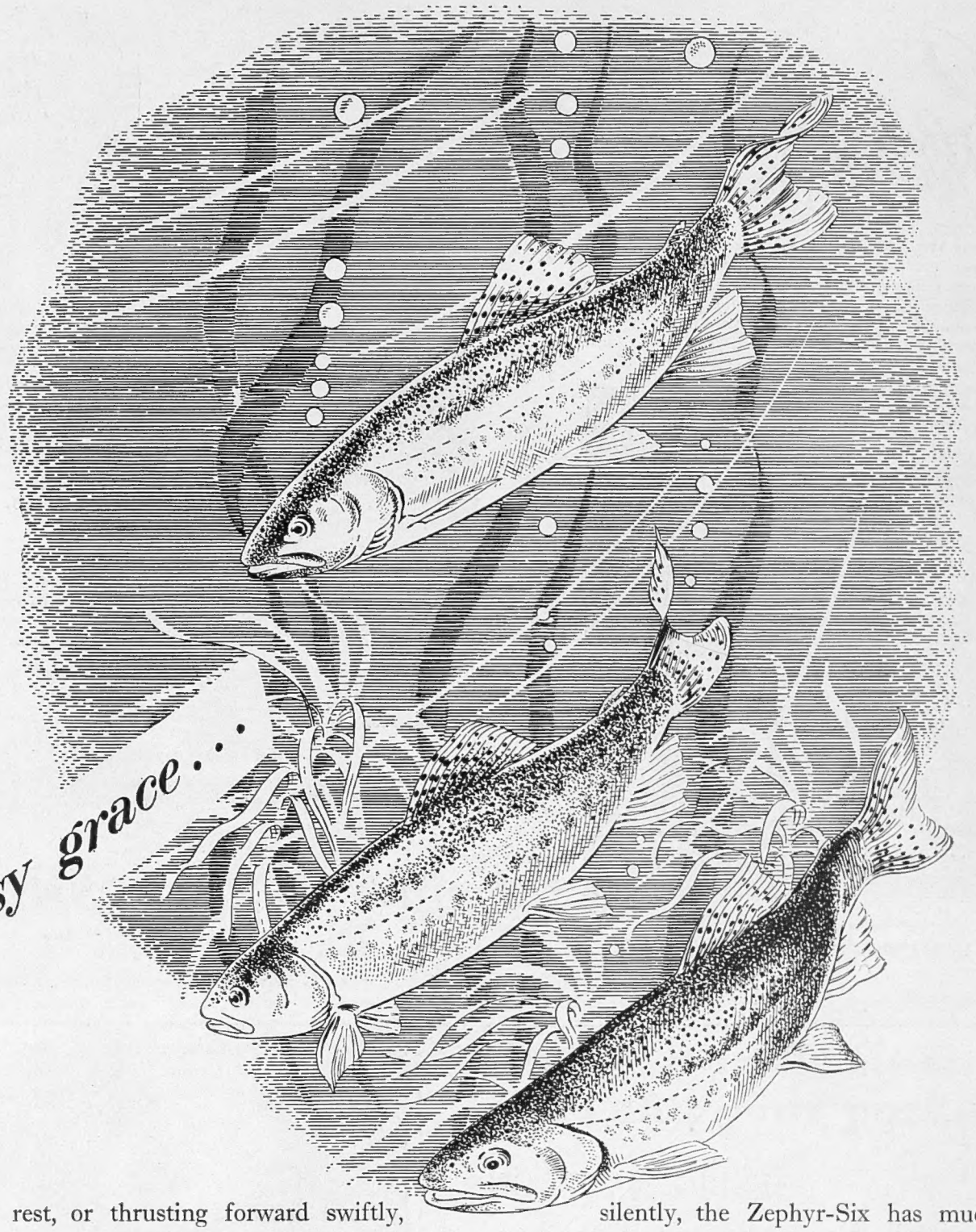

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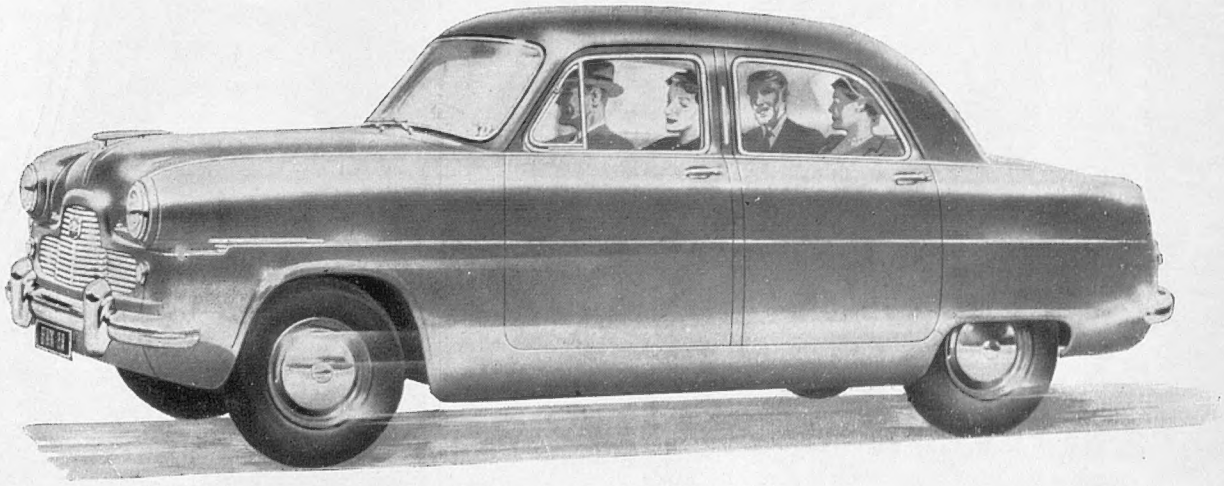

Volume CCXI No. 2755 The SPHERE, London, November 29, 1952

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE QUEEN WITH THE FLYING ADMIRALS—HER MAJESTY IN CONVERSATION WITH COMMODORE SIR AUBREY ST. CLAIR FORD, COMMODORE OF THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS, LEE-ON-SOLENT, WHEN SHE ARRIVED TO INSPECT THE NAVAL HOME AIR COMMAND: The Queen was received by Admiral Sir John Edelsten, C.-in-C., Portsmouth, at the start of her tour, and at the Air Station she was greeted by Vice-Admiral C. E. Lambe (Flag Officer (Air) Home).

On Friday of last week her Majesty the Queen paid her first visit to the Navy's Home Air Command at Lee-on-Solent, and detachments of all the sixteen stations in the Command were there to meet her. It was the first time a reigning monarch had made a formal inspection of the Command; it was also the first occasion on which an escort of helicopters had been provided for the Royal car, and it was probably the first time a fly-past had been led by helicopters. The Queen arrived by train at Brockhurst Station, and it was then that she received her helicopter escort as she set out by car on the journey to Lee-on-Solent. En route her Majesty drove through cheering crowds, among which were no fewer than 10,000 schoolchildren. Before leaving, the Queen ordered the mainbrace to be spliced at all stations and gave the following message to Vice-Admiral C. E. Lambe, Flag Officer Air (Home): "Please convey my sincere congratulations to all ranks and ratings of the Home Air Command who were at Lee-on-Solent to-day. I was deeply interested in all I saw and much impressed by the fly-past and the smart appearance of all those under your Command."

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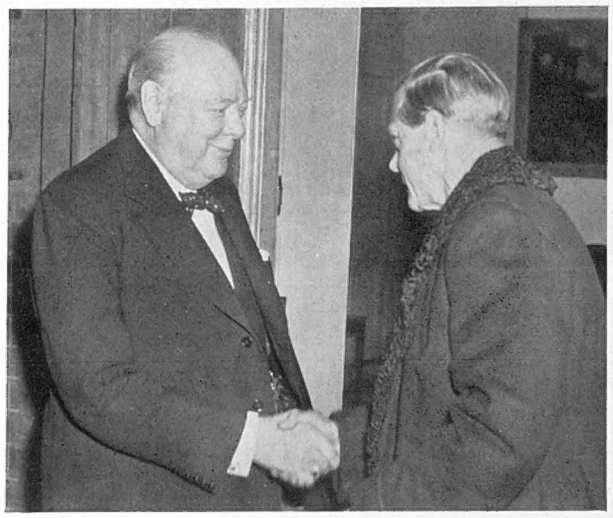
THE DUKE OF WINDSOR VISITS LONDON



GREETINGS FROM THE PREMIER : Mr. Churchill shaking hands with the Duke of Windsor at No. 10, Downing Street, where they met last week. While in London the Duke stayed at Marlborough House with Queen Mary, and he was entertained by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh at Buckingham Palace. It is understood that he discussed with his family the plans for the Coronation, and the part that he might play in coming Royal events.

GIFTS FOR DR. EWAN FORBES-SEMPILL

A DIRK FOR THE DOCTOR : Dr. Ewan Forbes-Sempill, who changed his name last September from Elizabeth to Ewan, and later married his housekeeper, Elizabeth Mitchell, seen with Mrs. Forbes-Sempill and with Mr. W. Macdonald at Alford Public Hall, Aberdeenshire. Mr. MacDonald presented the doctor and his wife with a dirk, a desk and other gifts which were subscribed for by 700 patients and friends. In acknowledging the gifts, Dr. Forbes-Sempill paid a glowing tribute to his wife for "the way she has stood beside me and enabled me to face the world."

PRINCE WILLIAM OF GLOUCESTER, ACTOR

THE PRINCE SAYS HIS PIECE : Prince William of Gloucester, ten-year-old son of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, playing his part as a niece of Sir Walter Raleigh in a production of Sheridan's *The Critic*, given at Wellesley House School, Broadstairs. The Prince wore a Tudor head-dress over his wig and a rose-pink dress lent by his mother. He had only a few lines to speak.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

In 1953—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

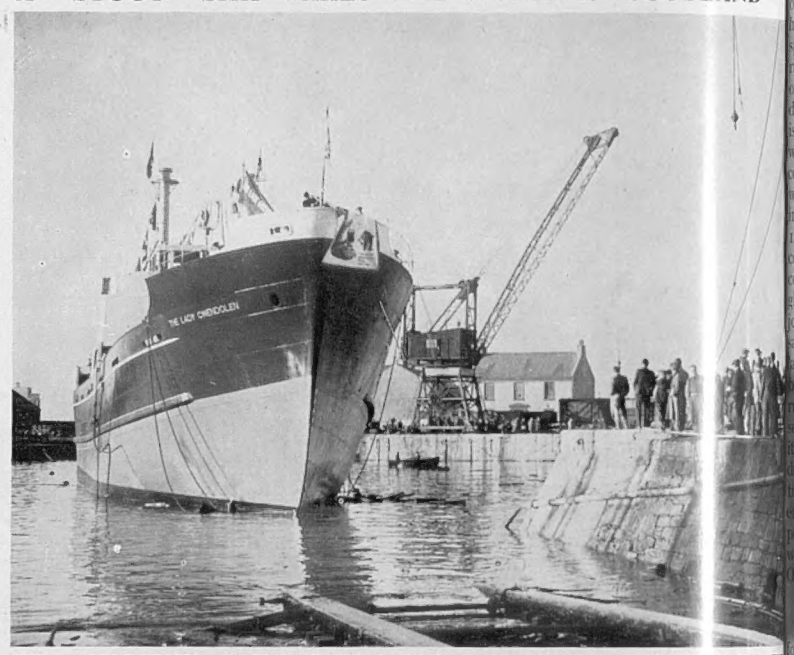
195–198, STRAND, W.C.2.

H Bomb.—A little late for Guy Fawkes day, the U.S. exploded the first hydrogen bomb. It was No. 36 on the list of known nuclear explosions. This bomb cost £400,000,000 to make, they say, and was far the best bang of the Guy Fawkes season, eliminating a part of the world's surface. The U.S.A. are well satisfied ; Russia hasn't got this one yet. I speak as a fool in my utter ignorance about modern fireworks. But I record my anxiety about this latest marvel of science. Up to now, when the big bombs went off one by one, the inventors and Governments responsible have always given conventional lip service (in priority) to the ultimate benefits to humanity from these researches : old grannies warming themselves beside glowing heat generated by atomic energy, industry thriving on cheap and constant power, factories idealised and blessings on every head. This time the order was reversed. Pride and glory were based above all on the fact that the threats to peace are still formidable and that the enemy, Russia, hasn't got this weapon, which will put the Atom Age in a museum with the bow-and-arrow age. We heard in a very short footnote the barest conventional hint that one day the H bomb may make things more confortable for the village housewife. Therein lies my anxiety. The release of this H bomb and of the glorification of the achievement might well convince me, if I were an ignorant Russian, that Stalin's propaganda may after all be truth, and that the U.S.A. are indeed warmongers intent on Russia's destruction. For the glorifications justify the conclusion that if this bomb had fallen in Grosvenor Square, London would have ceased to exist and lingering death would have been the fate of those who live in Brighton, Worthing and probably Portsmouth. "Entire armies grouped over 12,000 square miles could be wiped out by single bombs," boasts another U.S. expert. The A bomb is bad for its chosen victim among cities. This one is exactly 1,000 times worse ; it liquidates a group of cities in eight counties. I hope the Civil Defence experts were taking useful notes to plan better shelters and gas-proof overalls. It looks to me like more trouble and cold-war misery before granny enjoys her H-bomb cup of tea beside her H-bomb hearth.

Malan and Supreme Court.—Last year Malan's Government, to enforce its policy of *Apartheid* (or race segregation), passed the Separate Representation of Coloured Voters Act. The Supreme Court in effect declared the Act unconstitutional. In the summer, the Government riposted by setting up the High Court of Parliament as superior to the Supreme Court, and so "reversed" the latter's ruling—in effect and by legislation. The Supreme Court last week riposted once more when its Appellate Division unanimously declared invalid the High Court of Parliament Act with its assumed "superiority" to the Judicature. This legal battle could hardly go on *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*, having by now been reduced to absurdity. Dr. Malan is obstinate, but not an irresponsible. Indeed, he immediately announced that his Government would accept the decision of the Supreme Court on the invalidity of his Act. But it is not likely that he will drop his policy; rather, he will fight for the Sovereignty of Parliament—that is, its power to overrule the Judicature, by other means than recourse to law. And that means an appeal to the Electorate. A General Election was promised for next spring, before May. If, as seems possible in view of the disquiet in South Africa and all over Africa, the date is now advanced, Dr. Malan's opposition will be able to rely on the Cape Coloured voters who remain on the register as a result of these judgments. and it is difficult to see how Dr. Malan could now remove them by any other means than by a sweeping victory in a General Election. That would be *our* way. But the whole argument of Dr. Malan is based on the principle that constitutionally South Africa and Great Britain are not comparable. Malan's policy does not lack sympathy and support outside his own party. There does not seem to be very much doubt about that. There are many in America who plead for understanding and sympathy with him in his very considerable difficulties.

Crisis in U.N.—The new Assembly Building was hardly completed for the U.N. meetings before it began to rock and reveal terrible cracks. If to the layman's eye the building appears ill-fitted to withstand earthquake shocks, it is fair to the architects to admit that the cracks revealed are in the Assembly or Organisation, and not in the physical structure. The bad news seems to be generally accepted, and it could hardly be worse news for a world sick for peace and security. The old League of Nations seems in retrospect to have decayed in a night just as its buds were pushing out. The new plant, after the Second World War, was dug in, sited, and tended to avoid the very causes of the League's failure. And now U.N.O. itself is sick—of the same and new complaints. The new session could hardly have opened at a less auspicious moment, when there is a vacuum in US leadership, when the outgoing President cannot and the incoming will not assume responsibility without power. For neither has power, power sufficient to implement responsibility, until January. Mr. Lie's resignation came therefore at a disastrous time, and it seems that his difficulties have long been frustrations. He may feel indeed that he has been suspect to elements at both extremes ; on the one hand the Russians and satellites have long regarded him as *persona ingrata* on the other a political group in the States have actively interfered with his authority in the organisation, in search of Communist activities. It is understandable that he is resolute in the decision to resign if he has been suspect to both extremes in his tremendously arduous task, perhaps the hardest job borne by any public man in the world to-day; and the suicide of Mr. Feller, his greatly respected legal adviser, suggests that their difficulties had become intolerable.

A "STOUT" SHIP TAKES THE WATER IN SCOTLAND



THE MOTOR-VESSEL "LADY GWENDOLEN," A SHIP BUILT EXPRESSLY FOR THE TRANSPORT OF BEER, SEEN AFTER SHE HAD BEEN LAUNCHED BY THE ARDROSSAN DOCKYARD COMPANY : Like her sister-ship, the *Lady Grania*, launched at Troon a month ago, the new 950-ton ship is being constructed to the order of Arthur Guinness, Son and Co., Ltd., and will be used to carry stout in specially-designed tanks from Dublin to Liverpool and Manchester. On each journey she will accommodate in cylindrical tanks a total of 1,000,000 pints of stout. The naming ceremony was performed by Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, wife of the Minister of Transport, and a touch of humour was provided when the workmen, aware that 1,000 bottles of stout were to be distributed, acknowledged the gift by dropping from the bows of the ship the moment she was afloat a large and well-known poster.

Two Dangerous Months.—If some miracle of restraint and sanity could bring about some solution or formula which might break the deadlock in Korea, the U.N. and the Western world might breathe again. But no task it has ever attempted seems at the moment so hopeless, while Eisenhower's intentions are unknown and the intentions of Russia so ominously clear. And that great obstacle is not the only stiff fence. For if the Great Powers could by a miracle draw nearer in the face of calamity, the smaller Powers and more primitive races are to-day in such a fury and fever of nationalism that constructive debate of half-a-dozen pressing problems is virtually impossible, and hate, prejudice and suspicion are turning the Assembly into armed camps. The Indian resolution on Korea is still being studied. There is not much hope of a happy issue coming from it. Principles are involved which few of the delegates could surrender without loss of face or shame and what seems most clear in the fog is that nothing can ease the crisis but the immediate acceptance of responsibility by the new President of the U.S. Time is not on the side of the U.N. Many delegates are seeking a formula. Two months is not a long time for a superman to study and devise a plan of world-embracing, but January may be too late. Meanwhile, the best hope of survival for the U.N. seems to lie in persuading Mr. Lie to postpone his resignation.

Corporal Punishment Again.—The Magistrates' Association has decided to have a referendum of its 9,000 members on the question of the

imposition of some form of corporal punishment in certain crimes of violence. This interested me, because the other day I was mildly trounced by the Association for saying that its recent vote against any form of reintroduction did not necessarily reflect the majority opinion of lay magistrates. There are about 19,000 of them, 9,000 of whom are members of the Association. The 9,000 members are clearly by no means unanimous about non-reintroduction. A referendum will produce the current majority opinion of at any rate half the lay magistrates and that, no doubt, is as "representative" as the Association can at present reveal itself of the opinion of the whole body of lay magistrates. But the moment ventilation is highly desirable. Panic legislation is *not*. Many of the judges have unequivocally pronounced their opinions, many have not. Members of Parliament and many writers of letters to the Press are also very busy testing and ventilating pro and con. For my part, I think there is nothing but good in that. It is the democratic way to marshal public opinion because (as is well understood) it is public opinion which sets the ball of legislation rolling. Parliament has a lot to do and will seldom add another little Bill to its list, especially if it be not in its view of first priority, until public opinion has forced it to do so. But this question of reintroducing some form of corporal punishment is highly contentious. Some are sure it would be disgracefully retrograde, mere panic measures, futile and humiliating. As many believe that in specified cases it was never futile, never humiliating. Among them, no doubt, 100,000 public schoolboys who suffered on the block and never took to coshing but went on to build Empires. To sum up: ventilation is healthy and democratic, and reasonably safe, because if the people set the ball rolling, a responsible Parliament still coolly steers its course.

Spending on House Repairs.—The owner of Tumbledown Manor will take what comfort he may from the knowledge that henceforth he may spend £500 in a year on repairs to his house without risking a gaol sentence and deprivation of his high offices. It is not difficult to select priorities in desperately needed repairs which will cost £500. It is not so easy to pay the bill. A single little instance will reveal the chief causes of present-day builders' costs. I had a small metal window on the first floor which required reglazing and re-hinging. The following was the cost accountancy for the job: materials, 14s. 11½d.; labour costs, £8 4s. 9d.; profit (at 30 per cent.), £2 9s. 5d.; total, £11 9s. 1½d. The labour cost justified a query, in all conscience. The pane of glass, the putty and the new hinge cost 14s.-odd. The job was actually done in three hours. But the trade safety regulations forbid the workman to raise a ladder up one floor and do the job from it and in the bedroom. Two days were taken up in erecting a rude scaffolding and platform on which he could more securely stand, and some hours were used up in taking it away, albeit nine-tenths of the job could have been done from inside. And so with every patch of decayed tiling. The scaffolding in each case required to be erected and moved on. A handy "amateur" would presumably do for himself at a cost of a few shillings what a builder could do for a minimum of 10 guineas. One lives and learns too late.

I Won and Lost a Prize.—Recently I found among my morning letters a cheque enclosed with a letter of congratulation from a famous "weekly" whose week-end competitions test the intellectuals. In very high company I had been adjudged the winner. I could not recall that I had at any time in my life competed in any such competitions in any "weekly." But I have come to doubt my memory and, in returning the cheque for confirmation, I retained an anxious doubt that my memory was indeed failing and that I had indeed entered and won. The Puzzle Editor in due course replied that beyond doubt my name (without address) headed the winning entry and that the cheque was sent to me in the sure belief that I had earned it. And there the mystery remained for two weeks more. My name is not very common. I knew of only one other holder, and found out that it was not he. But now the mystery is cleared up. The real winner has asked for his cheque . . . and got it. He apologised to me and to the "weekly" in these terms: "I must apologise for the trouble this choice of pseudonym has caused you—and him. I should prefer it if you do not inform him of his 'namesake's' identity." And now I still puzzle over the affair. Did the winner owe something of his success to the choice of an illustrious pseudonym? Not, surely, in so responsible a "weekly." But if so, can I claim half the prize? Could I make a living from competitions if I always chose the pseudonym of Winston Churchill? I doubt it; and yet I am unwilling to fall back on the alternative that in choosing my two short names the winner believed he had found a cast-iron alias. I don't like to think that I am so utterly obscure as that. If my memory is still reliable, my self-esteem is falling.

THE OLD STAGER.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

TULYAR'S YEAR

An Assessment of the Past Racing Season, Made Memorable by the Performance of One Particularly Brilliant Thoroughbred

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD and JOHN HISLOP

THE STARTLING STARLING INVASION IN THE MAIDSTONE DISTRICT OF KENT

THEY LEAVE AT DAWN AND RETURN AT DUSK: Starlings massing over the fields in the vicinity of Leeds Castle, Maidstone, where they have lately appeared in vast numbers, but for no apparent reason. Bird-watchers in the area have never seen anything quite like it. As many as thirty guns have been assembled at sunset, firing into the great mass of birds, but apparently this show of hostility has done nothing to scare them away.

A NEW SILHOUETTE IN THE SKIES: THE HAWKER HUNTER JET FIGHTER SEEN IN PLAN VIEW FOR THE FIRST TIME

THE ONLY SINGLE-ENGINED BRITISH FIGHTER TO TRAVEL FASTER THAN SOUND: Many details of the Hawker Hunter are still being kept secret, and this picture, showing the supersonic plane in plan, has only now been released by the Air Ministry. The Hunter, the fourth Hawker jet, was put into quantity production for the Royal Air Force some months ago. Designed by the famous Hawker team led by Sidney Camm, it has swept-back wings of a design which present an obvious recognition feature. It is powered by an Avon jet engine.

AFTERMATH OF THE EAST LONDON RIOTS: Police keeping a watch on the native shanty town at East London, following the native attack on Europeans in the course of which Sister Aiden lost her life, her body being found near this spot in a burned-out car. In riots in East London and Kimberley nineteen people lost their lives during a single week-end.

Following a police attempt to break up an illegal political meeting in East London, serious rioting broke out in the city, and the damage to European property was considerable. Several buildings, including a Roman Catholic mission church and a native training college, were burned out. The death of Sister Aiden, formerly Dr. Elsie Quinlan, has caused great distress in East London. This European nun, who was a trained doctor, was stoned by the rioters and her body was later found in her burned-out car. Mr. B. Vorster, an insurance agent, was another European who lost his life in the East London rioting. At the same time there were also serious riots in Kimberley, where a number of public buildings were burned out by the mobs. The Kimberley flare-up came as a surprise to the South African public, which had been focusing its attention on the inflammable situation prevailing in East London and Port Elizabeth.

FROM AFRICA AND EUROPE

Rioting in South Africa; the End of a Polar Flight; the Hapsburg-Arenberg Wedding; Heavy Flooding in Italy; Jomo Kenyatta Under Arrest in Kenya

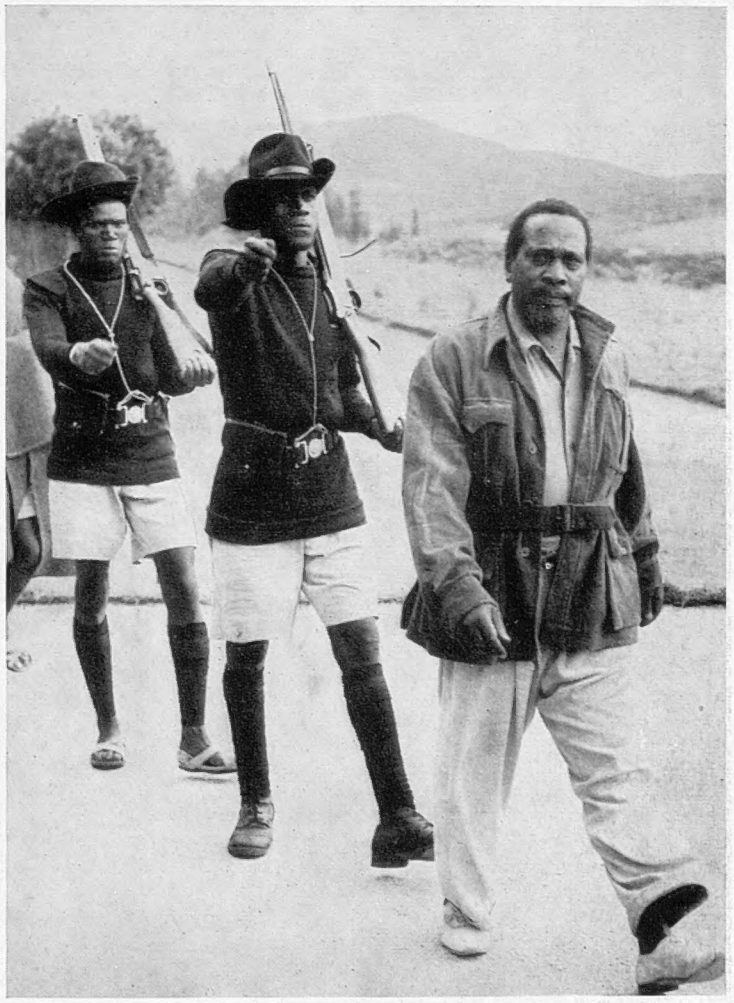
THE END OF A PIONEER FLIGHT FROM LOS ANGELES TO COPENHAGEN ACROSS THE WASTES OF GREENLAND AND THE ARCTIC: The *Arild Viking*, a Douglas air-liner of the Scandinavian Airlines system, seen on arrival at Kastrup Airport, Copenhagen, where it touched down ten minutes ahead of schedule after a flight in which it pioneered the route from Los Angeles via Edmonton and Thule, Greenland. This proving flight is to pave the way for regular scheduled flights between Denmark and the United States to be opened next year. Among the twenty-three passengers making the flight were the Danish and Norwegian Ambassadors to the United States.

HE THIRD SON OF THE LATE EMPEROR CHARLES OF AUSTRIA MARRIES PRINCESS ANNE EUGÊNIE OF ARENBERG : Archduke Felix of Austria and his bride seen with three of their attendants after the religious ceremony at the Roman Catholic Church of the Sacred Heart, Beaulieu-sur-Mer, near Nice. The bride wore a gown of white satin and a veil of ancient Hungarian lace held in place by a diamond tiara.

EIGHT ARCHDUKES AND DUCHESSES, FORTY-FOUR PRINCES AND PRINCESSES ATTEND THE RELIGIOUS CEREMONY OF THE HAPSBURG-ARENBERG WEDDING, ON THE DAY AFTER THE CIVIL CEREMONY IN THE TOWN HALL AT BEAULIEU-SUR-MER : This was the scene at the reception held at the Villa Encar, home of the bride's uncle, Duke Charles of Arenberg. The first five persons on the left are Countess Stauffenberg, Count Maronne, Princess Wrede, Prince Henri de Ligne, and Princess Eurard of Arenberg. On the right are Countess Kerssenbrock, the Duchess of Lauthermingen, Count Stauffenberg, Countess Maronne and Prince Charles of Luxembourg. More than 200 people attended the ceremony in the church where the Nuptial Mass was presided over by Mgr. Remond, Bishop of Nice, who read a message from the Pope bestowing the Apostolic blessing on the bridal group. The Mass was sung by Mgr. Julio de Magyery, a Hungarian prelate and Assessor of the Pontifical Rota. The bridegroom's mother, the ex-Empress Zita of Austria, was present at the service, together with her sons, including Archduke Otto, Pretender to the Austrian throne, and the bride's parents, Prince and Princess Robert d'Arenberg. In the procession of the bridal party, led by Archduke Rudolph (the bridegroom's brother) and preceded by a red-and-gold uniformed Swiss Guard, halberd in hand and sword dangling from his right side, were thirty children of "The Company of the Little Singers of the Cote d'Azur," each in a white monk's robe with a sky-blue Cross embroidered in front.

LANDSLIDES ... FLOODS FOLLOW TORRENTIAL RAINFALL IN ITALY : This picture shows the ruins of a house ... blocking the highway between Pistoia and Modena in northern Italy, where incessant rain wr... ght havoc throughout the land. Railway communications were interrupted and damage to farm... d is reported to be heavy. Four people lost their lives in the flooded areas.

PEDESTRIANS CROSSING ST. MARK SQUARE, IN VENICE, BY A WOODEN BRIDGE ERECTED DURING THE FLOODS : This was one of numerous bridges erected as the waters rose throughout the city. To the south, heavy rain caused the River Panaro to burst its banks in the Modena district.



JOMO ("FLAMING SPEAR") KENYATTA, CHARGED WITH BEING CONCERNED IN THE MANAGEMENT OF THE MAU MAU ORGANISATION, IS MARCHED OFF UNDER GUARD AFTER HIS ARREST : With five other prominent Africans, Kenyatta, leader of the Kenya African Union, was remanded in custody on charges of "managing" and "assisting in the management" of Mau Mau. They all pleaded not guilty. The case was being heard at Kapenguria, a small administrative centre 28 miles north of Kitale. This was chosen as the only convenient centre in the Northern Province, where Kenyatta and the others are detained.

THE EARLY-MORNING PROCESSION THROUGH PICCADILLY CIRCUS: A detachment of Guards marching in front of the State landau during the rehearsal for the Coronation procession held in London last Sunday morning, starting at Westminster Abbey at dawn. Not many people saw the procession, but a few enthusiasts followed it from beginning to end, some on bicycles. After the rehearsal an analysis was made of timings to aid the civil and military authorities.

THE STATE LANDAU, DRAWN BY EIGHT WINDSOR GREYS, RETURNS TO BUCKINGHAM PALACE AT THE END OF THE CORONATION REHEARSAL: The procession was timed to take 1 hour 45 mins. along the five-mile route, the men marching at 112 paces to the minute, but it was actually accomplished in 1 hour 36 mins., which pleased officials. One problem the organisers have to consider is how many islands on the route will have to be taken up for Coronation Day.

FORETASTE *of* PAGEANTRY

The Dawn Rehearsal for the Coronation Procession

Timing is the first essential in securing smoo running in the Coronation ceremonial, an unless the timing factors are fully understoo well in advance planning is handicapped. La Sunday's rehearsal of the Coronation processio was designed essentially to help the civil an military authorities in their plans, and wa described as a preliminary reconnaissance, a pr lude to more elaborate rehearsals. The rehearsa started at 7.30 a.m. in the half-light of a col and frosty morning, and the time taken by th marching troops to cover the processional rout of just over five miles was 1 hour 36 min As the procession left the Abbey drummer of the Guards beat the time, and they wer followed by detachments of Scots Guards Grenadier Guards and the State landau drawn by eight greys. A detachment of the Household Cavalry completed the procession, which, fro the moment it entered Whitehall, and despit the early hour, began to collect a band of fo lowers, who for the most part stayed with throughout the journey. At six minutes pas eight the procession had rounded Hyde Par Corner, and Oxford Circus was reached abou half an hour later. The Admiralty Arch wa reached at 8.53 and the march down the Mal past the grandstands which are already loomin up on the processional way, took a further twelve minutes. Altogether the procession wa a great success, and it is understood that th findings were analysed at a special meeting thi week of those concerned in the arrangements

A WARRANT OFFICER WITH HIS PACING STICK WALKS WITH THE REHEARSAL PROCESSION : He had a target figure of 112 paces to the minute to watch, and his Guardsmen set the pace.

A GUARDS [illegible]FICER CHECKS THE TIME OF ARRIVAL AT PICCADILLY CIRCU[illegible]. Walking beside the State landau he studies his stop-watch [illegible]fore marking down the time on his route card. Throughout th[illegible]urney he found the times slightly ahead of the schedule.

THE START AT DAWN IN THE DIM LIGHT OF A COLD AND FROSTY MORNING : The State landau passing through Parliament Square, with the marching Guardsmen dimly seen in the distance, and Big Ben looming in the background. Drums played throughout the march in order to beat out the time for the marching men.

THE DESIGN FOR A CORONATION ANNEXE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY : *Above* and *on right*—The Ministry of Works' architects have designed this annexe to provide assembly space for the formation of the Coronation procession within the Abbey. This annexe projects, as on previous occasions, into Broad Sanctuary from the base of the north-west tower of the Abbey. It is lit by a large window divided into vertical panels facing down Victoria Street. It will be seen how the annexe is integrated with stand accommodation continuing along the flank of St. Margaret's Church. The Royal entrance takes the form of a porch set against the northern side of this structure. It is the focal-point of the plan, and is emphasized by an open turret, from the roof of which rises the flagstaff on which the Royal Standard will be flown while the Queen is in the Abbey. The door is protected by a canopy, made of transparent material to give as good a light as possible for photographers at the moment when the Queen steps from her coach and enters the annexe. The annexe will be constructed of tubular steel, with walls of timber and building board painted on the outside. No attempt, wisely, has been made to disguise it as part of the fabric of the Abbey, which was done at King George V's Coronation, when a Gothic-style building was provided with canvas walls painted to imitate ancient stonework. The 1937 annexe, except that it had windows of Gothic character, was designed in the angular, modernistic style used for many of the buildings at Wembley Exhibition. The present design shows a notable advance on these. It is reminiscent, in its architectural character, of the Government exhibition buildings of the 1930's. Surfaces are plain and outlines rectilinear, relief being given by the application of colour and by heraldic decorations.

PRESIDENT MEETS PRESIDENT

Mr. Truman and General Eisenhower, the President Elect, in Conclave at Washington

When a regime passes in America a great many jobs change hands, so it was only to be expected that Washington, the seat of Government and the centre of bureaucracy, should not be overwhelming in its reception for the new Chief Executive, representing a party that has been out of power for twenty years. However, General Eisenhower had a generous enough reception when he arrived from his holiday stay in Augusta, Georgia, and he gave the crowds full value for money as he toured for thirty minutes the down-town section of Washington on his first arrival in the capital, where he will preside for the next four years. What was most noticeable was the appearance of the President-elect when he emerged from his meeting with Mr. Truman. He looked grim and determined, very different from the ebullient Eisenhower of the election days or of the cavalcade earlier in the day amid the throngs in down-town Washington.

EISENHOWER DRIVES IN TRIUMPH THROUGH AN ACCLAIMING (BUT NOT A WILDLY-ACCLAIMING) WASHINGTON : The smiling, hatless, waving General was seen by an estimated total of 500,000 people as his "motorcade" passed on a round-about route from the airport to the centre of Washington.

THEY LOOKED A TRIFLE GRIM AS THEY MET FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE ELECTION : President Truman and President-elect Eisenhower seated together in the President's office in Washington when the Republican victor in the recent election battle called upon the leader whose Democratic party has gone down to defeat after twenty years in office. The two men discussed vital problems relating to the change-over in Government and afterwards in rather reserved terms they issued a communique expressing the belief that their arrangements for co-operation would contribute to the stability of the country and of international affairs.

DISPLAYING THE HUMAN V-SIGN T WHICH THE WORLD HAS GROW ACCUSTOMED : With his arm stretched wide in acknowledgmer of the cheers, General Eisenhowe passes through the heart of Wash ington before meeting Presiden Truman. The General made his vic torious reappearance in the capita in a red-brown Cadillac convertible During part of the journey he sa on the folded hood, but most of th time he pumped his arms up and down in response to the cheers. Whenever there were large concentrations of cheering people, General Eisenhower kept up this performance, accompanying it with his celebrated broad grin. Riding in the car with the President-elect was Senator Cabot Lodge, who was defeated in the fight for the Senate in Massachusetts, but was one of the shining lights of the Eisenhower campaign. Cabot Lodge has been the General's chief liaison officer in Washington for the purpose of effecting the transfer of power.

On left—

THEY BOTH MANAGED A SMILE BUT THE MEETING WAS APPARENTLY TOUGH GOING : Mr. Truman and General Eisenhower exchanging greetings in the President's Washington office. The meeting was largely concerned with international topics, it is understood, but both Republicans and Democrats who were in the know were inclined to be reserved about what took place. President Truman did not make a public appearance when his successor arrived at the White House, but consented to a single photographer taking one or two photographs.

A PART-COMPLETED SECTION OF THE NEW TOWN OF HARLOW, ONE OF THE EIGHT NEW TOWNS WHICH RING THE METROPOLIS AND WHICH WILL HELP TO RELIEVE THE GREAT DENSITIES OF POPULATION IN LONDON: Harlow, which has just received a visit from the Duke of Edinburgh, is the most advanced of all the new towns, and by the end of 1953 it will have a population of 11,000. It will be seen from this picture how neatly the ancient Church of St. Mary, Latton, not to be confused with the Church of St. Mary, Old Harlow, has been fitted into the pattern of the New Town.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AT HARLOW: His Royal Highness inspecting a factory model during his visit to the New Town. He expressed himself as impressed by the way in which Harlow is using open spaces for playing fields.

NEW HARLOW:

A PLANNERS' TOWN IN SEARCH OF A SOUL

By John May

WITH SPECIAL "SPHERE" PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS BY BRANSBY KEATES

Plans for the decentralisation of population from London, to relieve the congestion in the boroughs, are directed largely on the eight towns with which the Metropolis is ringed—Basildon, Bracknell, Crawley, Harlow, Hatfield, Hemel Hempstead, Stevenage and Welwyn Garden City. Of these new towns Harlow and Stevenage, lying to the north of London, are already making marked building progress. The Harlow scheme has indeed exceeded expectations, and this new town is beginning to have a life of its own and a community spirit of its own. Somehow or other the early criticisms have been silenced, in particular the hostility of local residents, who no doubt at first resented the large-scale incursion of Londoners. In the following article John May reveals the progress of Harlow, and shows how the residents are tackling the many and various problems of this young community.

IT was January 1951. From the bell tower of his centuries-old Church of St. Mary, Latton, the Vicar, the Rev. J. Oliver White, had watched the beginnings of the new satellite town of Harlow rise around him and the fantastic-looking pattern of the roads declare itself. Then, in snow and cold and wet, his first new parishioners arrived, occupants of the first fourteen houses. By the end of 1953 the flock was to total 11,000—in a parish that had never before known more than *two hundred*!

The planners had considered every detail—woods, hills, valleys, streams, even isolated trees—and were growing this city out of the landscape. The forgotten fishponds of a vanished monastery had been re-discovered. St. Mary's Church, built in part with a Norman doorway and with bricks from a Roman temple, on a site listed in the Domesday Book, had been integrated as part of the pattern. Once, because it was near their raised encampment, a Saxon tribe had called the district *Here-hlaw*, or Host-on-the-Hill. Now, in a sermon at Westminster Abbey, Father White told the course of these events, and because of New Harlow being deliberately conspicuous as though set upon a hill, he took as his text "*A city that is set upon a hill cannot be hid*" (St. Matthew 5, 14). "It is not only," he said, "the affair of Christian people on the spot . . ."

How far since then has Harlow New Town progressed towards finding its soul? Couples have married, babies been born, and people died and been buried in the space of almost two years since the first citizens moved in. And then, to the glory at least of the planners, it was announced that on Monday, November 17, the burgeoning township would be visited by the Duke of Edinburgh. The Lord Lieutenant, the Bishop, the M.P., all the Corporation and many more were to be present. From a mere plan, the satellite had become a place definitely "on the map."

Geographically, the little town of Herlagh, Chipping Harlow or Harlow Abbots, as it has been variously known through the ages, stands on the Cambridge road

(*Continued on following pages*)

On right—

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS ESCORTED ROUND THE GLEBELANDS CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND: The Duke first visited the industrial site at Harlow and then went round the new housing area.

NEW HARLOW: A Planners' Town in Search of a Soul

THE SWIMMING-POOL AT HARLOW MILL, A CENTRE OF SOCIAL LIFE IN THE SUMMER MONTHS: The Harlow Mill Restaurant, half-way between Epping and Bishop's Stortford, and lying to the north-east of New Harlow, has recently been taken over by a London restaurateur and has already won a reputation for good cooking.

TIRLINGS, THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE HARLOW DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION: From this typically Victorian mansion amid spacious and well-kept lawns, the rise of the New Town is being skilfully planned. The chairman of the Harlow Development Corporation is Mr. R. R. Costain.

THE REGAL CINEMA HAS SEATING FOR 695: This is part of a factory shell, and in due course a larger cinema will emerge.

(*Continued from previous page*)

about twenty miles north from London. It was very self-contained until 1740, when its River Stort (after which Bishop's Stortford is named) was made a navigable canal; the railway followed in 1840. But the market and Harlow Bush Fair both faded out, and Harlow slept, thatched roofs mouldering. . . .

The news of its planned satellite offshoot was the biggest shock for a century. The climate near the West Essex border is, of course, propitious for model townships. From Sir Ebenezer Howard's *Garden Cities of To-morrow*, written fifty years ago, had sprouted Letchworth in 1903 and Welwyn in 1920, both less than twenty miles from Harlow. There were to be new towns also at Aycliffe (Durham), Basildon (Essex), Crawley (Sussex), East Kilbride (Scotland), Hemel Hempstead (Hertfordshire), Peterlee (Durham), Stevenage, Welwyn, Hatfield (all in Hertfordshire), and elsewhere. But Harlow Development Corporation's plan was the first to receive official approval, and its housing total still leads the others.

New Town toddlers who waved to the Duke of Edinburgh will be married before the plan is built out. But its top right-hand (north-east) corner, known as Mark Hall North, is blocked in already with actuality. The highly successful baby skyscraper of flats there is affectionately known to locals as "Gibberd's Folly," after the Corporation's architect-planner, Frederick Gibberd, F.R.I.B.A., and not far away a totally unplanned street bookmaker lurks on the corner, unaware of his peculiar interest in this setting as a sociological phenomena. The place is coming rapidly to life!

Building will spread south and west, the Corporation juggling houses, factories, shops and schools to keep residential, industrial and communal needs in step. The 1,500 dwellings so far completed embrace half-a-dozen standards, and rents range from one-bedroomed flats at 22s. 7d. a week to five-bedroomed detached houses with garage, half-an-acre of garden, and a good outlook at more than £4. All the world is young. The population of 4,500 averages three persons to a household: two-thirds are between twenty and sixty-four, but are mostly "young marrieds," and babes up to four make up 17 per cent. of the population.

New Harlow would in fact be a goldmine for professional baby-sitters, if it were not for "economic" rents (higher than manipulated council house rents) and the high costs of babies and of buying new furniture (often on hire purchase). Nine out of ten tenants take advantage of the rent rebate (up to 2s. 6d. on a five-bedroomed house) for doing their own interior decoration. Budgets are tight.

THE RIVER STORT AT BURNT MILL: This picturesque spot lies on the north-western side of the area now under development. The Stort navigation channel runs a mile north of Harlow and parallel with the old London and North Eastern Railway. Development is planned on both banks of the Stort.

A COMPLETED SECTION OF THE RESIDENTIAL AREA OF THE NEW TOWN LYING IN THE VICINITY OF ANCIENT ST. MARY'S CHURCH : Semi-detached and detached houses, 1-room flatlets, 1-, 2-, 3- and 4-bedroomed flats, 2-, 3-, 4- and 5-bedroomed houses, 3-, 5- and 10-storeyed flats are among the units of accommodation in the new Harlow which, in time to come, will do much to relieve London's congestion. In fifteen years, about 80,000 people from North London's overcrowded boroughs are expected to be living in Harlow. It is emphasized that Harlow is in no sense a dormitory for mighty London, but essentially a place of work and a place of residence.

The Corporation being the sole landlord, one of the earliest stirrings of democracy was the formation of a Tenants' Association to argue clothes posts, footpaths and street lights. There was at first no central pub for parleying. Nearest was the Greyhound at Netteswell Cross, and the inns of old Harlow. Corporation executives used the country clubs at Harlow Mill and Gilston Park. New public-houses were planned to be named after "butterflies and moths lending themselves to dual interpretation on the inn sign," and run by the State. Now, after all, the brewers are in. Mann, Crossman and Paulin have a ninety-nine years lease of the newly-opened Essex Skipper, with good prospects of making whimsy cosy.

The *Harlow Herald*, or whatever the town's eventual newspaper may be called, does not yet exist. But Leonard White, press officer, holds open house on Tuesday mornings at Tirlings, Pye Corner, Gilston (the Corporation's gracious country house headquarters, due to become the Harlow museum) for journalists from the *West Essex Gazette, Herts and Essex Observer, Hertfordshire Mercury, Essex Weekly News* and the *Essex Express and Independent*.

These are the newspapers which report the affairs of both Harlow and Netteswell Parish Councils which, under Epping Rural District Council, cover the present built-up parts of the new town. At the last local elections, a newly-created Mark Hall Ward returned unopposed two members to Epping R.D.C. and two to the Harlow Parish Council. Two more parishes will eventually be built into : Great Parndon and Roydon. A joint parishes committee of twenty-four, with the Development Corporation represented, deals with such problems as re-routing traffic to keep builders' lorries off roads used by schoolchildren and inaugurating a shuttle service of buses between old town and new. Eventually, perhaps in another two years' time, the satellite will come of age and have its own urban district council.

Not all is planned. Improvisation exercises the community muscle. A landmine had blown in the windows of St. Mary's Church and left it derelict. Oliver White wrote to the local newspapers for help. Toc H members from Old Harlow came and cleaned up, and people who had been married at St. Mary's also came to help. The diocesan authorities tackled the exterior, and John Genower, spare-time organist from Sawbridgeworth, worked at interior decoration (until he fell exhausted off a ladder) and rebuilt the organ, which he now plays for services.

The largest congregation is of children in the afternoon, and there is a grand trade in christenings. Paul Shearman, who lives in the Chantry district within sight of the church, and works in the industrial estate for the Admiralty, is building up a church choir, and has started a troop of Scouts and Cubs, the numbers limited to fifty until the leaders are trained. (Guides and Brownies were already established.) The Development Corporation has let the troop a pigsty and bothy for headquarters at the peppercorn rent of £1 a year, and L. J. Amos, contract manager of Kirk and Kirk, one of the largest building contractors, has personally laid bricks cleaned by the boys to speed the conversion.

The Regal Cinema (695 seats) is temporarily in a factory shell. The children's playground is a disused gravel pit, suitably landscaped and equipped with sand, an old boat, climbing ladders, logs, and a cycle speedway track. The temporary primary school is in the remaining part of the old mansion of Mark Hall, and the health centre is a pair of semi-detached houses, of which expedient Dr. H. K. Cowan, Essex Medical Officer of Health, said : "Maybe eventually, instead of one large £100,000 centre, it will be desirable to provide further small units."

Rambling old Latton vicarage, with a new small hall attached, has just been opened as the assembly room and town hall for the present completed portion of New Harlow. It is near the Stow shopping centre and the new pub, and has been labelled rather preciously The Moot House—the "moot" not intentionally in the sense of "debatable." To provide a tenant for it, the Corporation gave democracy a slight shove in the back, which resulted in the formation of a Community Association, one integrated body for all social affairs.

(*Concluded on following page*)

NEW AND OLD ARE BLENDED IN THE NEW TOWN OF HARLOW : *Left*—The Stow, the shopping centre of Harlow New Town, showing the covered way to protect shoppers from the British weather. *Right*—The Gables Restaurant, an old property incorporated in the New Town plan. Harlow will not be completed until the year 1971.

NEW HARLOW: A PLANNERS' TOWN IN SEARCH OF A SOUL

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY, LATTON, IS A CENTREPIECE OF NEW HARLOW: The church lies midway between Latton and Old Harlow and is close to one of the residential areas of the New Harlow, fitting most delightfully into the general pattern. St. Mary's was damaged by a land-mine during the war, but thanks to local efforts under the direction of the Vicar, it has been finely restored.

THE EXTERIOR OF THE PRIORY CHURCH OF LATTON, AN ANCIENT FOUNDATION WHICH NOW SERVES AS A BARN: The Priory Church lies well to the south of the present Harlow development area, but in time to come it will be close to it, as the town will extend south. The four arches of the crossing in the Priory Church date from the latter part of the thirteenth century. Nothing is left of the original choir and chancel, but a short section of the nave, with a clerestory window, is left.

THIS IS THE OLD HARLOW: A street scene in the little town. Most citizens of the old town, however, have now accepted the new situation, and the early grudges against the new residents have died natural deaths.

THE INTERIOR OF THE PRIORY CHURCH AS IT IS TO-DAY: Latton Priory was founded a little later than neighbouring Parndon Abbey. It is remarkable how much of the Priory Church still stands intact. The short transepts have survived, and the original doorways and windows can be traced. *Drawings by Bransby Keates.*

THE STRIKING TEN-STOREYED BLOCK OF FLATS WHICH HAS RISEN ABOVE THE NEW TOWN: Each flat has its own balcony, and from every direction there are some really fine views across the roof-tops of Harlow.

(Concluded from previous page)

Firms with factories on the industrial estate have given £1,500 as patrons to the Community Association. (A dozen factories are occupied and another dozen in course of development, engaged in light engineering, hydro-mechanics research, bottle-making, and so on.) Eric Adams, general manager of the Corporation, is president, a local industrialist vice-president, and the Vicar, chairman. The constituent organisations include the Corporation, the councils, the churches, Housewives Club, political bodies, Horticultural Society, unions and an employers' federation, Parent Teachers' Association, half-a-dozen dramatic societies, works clubs, sports clubs, Red Cross, the Workers Educational Association, the Latton Bowmen, and others—always providing any one of them does not opt to remain independent. Some citizens feel that the Association has a flavour of "You *will* be a community—or else!"

The battle for souls grows fierce. Communists held an open-air meeting one Sunday, but spoke mainly to unheeding passers-by. Roman Catholics have a hall in Old Harlow catering for the large numbers of Irish and other Catholics among the building workers. The Nonconformists have a central site opposite the Moot Hall, and others have been allocated to the Quakers and for a Gospel hall. Woodford Deanery has adopted St. Mary's Church and will send clergy, lay readers and visitors to contact the new parishioners.

A vigorously mushrooming satellite creates for itself a thousand problems. Boys and girls are growing up with few older ones to keep them in order. Elderly people visiting their New Town grandchildren gaze long and earnestly at the roadside map-boards of the town; no roads are named and the numbering in the districts (Great Plumtree, Glebelands—names taken from the tithe map) seems to them serpentine and impish. Are street traders wanted? Is it right to try to mix social levels by having dwellings of differing standards alongside one another? How should a Corporation employee answer when button-holed tactlessly at a social gathering about a tenant's eccentric lavatory cistern?

Harlow is so new that no other town provides a precedent or blueprint to follow. There is tremendous drive, and also so many visitors, observers and inquiring students in coaches that one housewife said, "I feel like a goldfish in a bowl!"

While many citizens are too busy establishing themselves in their new local jobs, and their new families in new houses with new neighbours, to bother at present about much else, there are plenty who do bother. The obscure Latin tag *Sibi Suis* on the golden sundial on the south wall of St. Mary's Church might be interpreted to mean that the church is wrapped up merely in its own affairs. In fact, the spiritual forces of all kinds in New Harlow are very much aware that the new town has a soul to be saved, and each is striving to save that soul after its own fashion.

"The city we build," said the Rev. Oliver White in his Westminster Abbey sermon, "must be recognised by man—the heathen, the godless, the careless as well as the believer—as a city built to the glory of God."

ROYAL FAMILY PORTRAITS

AT THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS HELD AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE GALLERIES IN PICCADILLY

CONVERSATION PIECE, CLARENCE HOUSE, APRIL 1952 : This picture by Edward I. Halliday shows the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, and Princess Anne at their former home in the Mall, which has now been selected as the home of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. The conversation piece is one of the outstanding exhibits at the fifty-ninth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters which was opened on Nov. 19 at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

On left—

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II, A PORTRAIT BY DOUGLAS CHANDOR : This portrait, in which a mirror has been skilfully used as background, was made by the English-born American artist during a visit to London for Royal sittings.

On right—

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER : Maurice Codner's portrait, another outstanding exhibit at the Royal Society of Portrait Painters' display, is made against an elegant tapestry background. Her Majesty is wearing the ribbon of the Garter and the Silver Star. Miniatures of King George V and King George VI are worn on the ribbons superimposed on the Garter Ribbon.

HAIL *and* FAREWELL

IN THE REALM OF SHIPPING

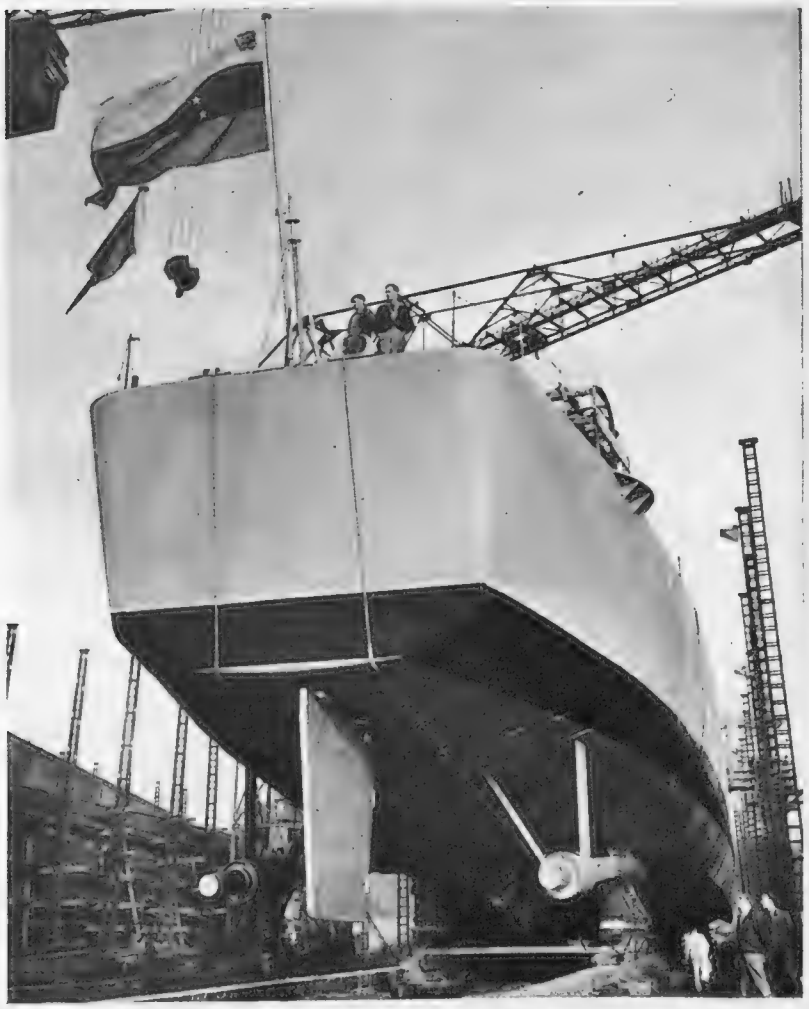
The Last Voyage of the "Ormonde" and the Launch of a Venezuelan Destroyer

On right—

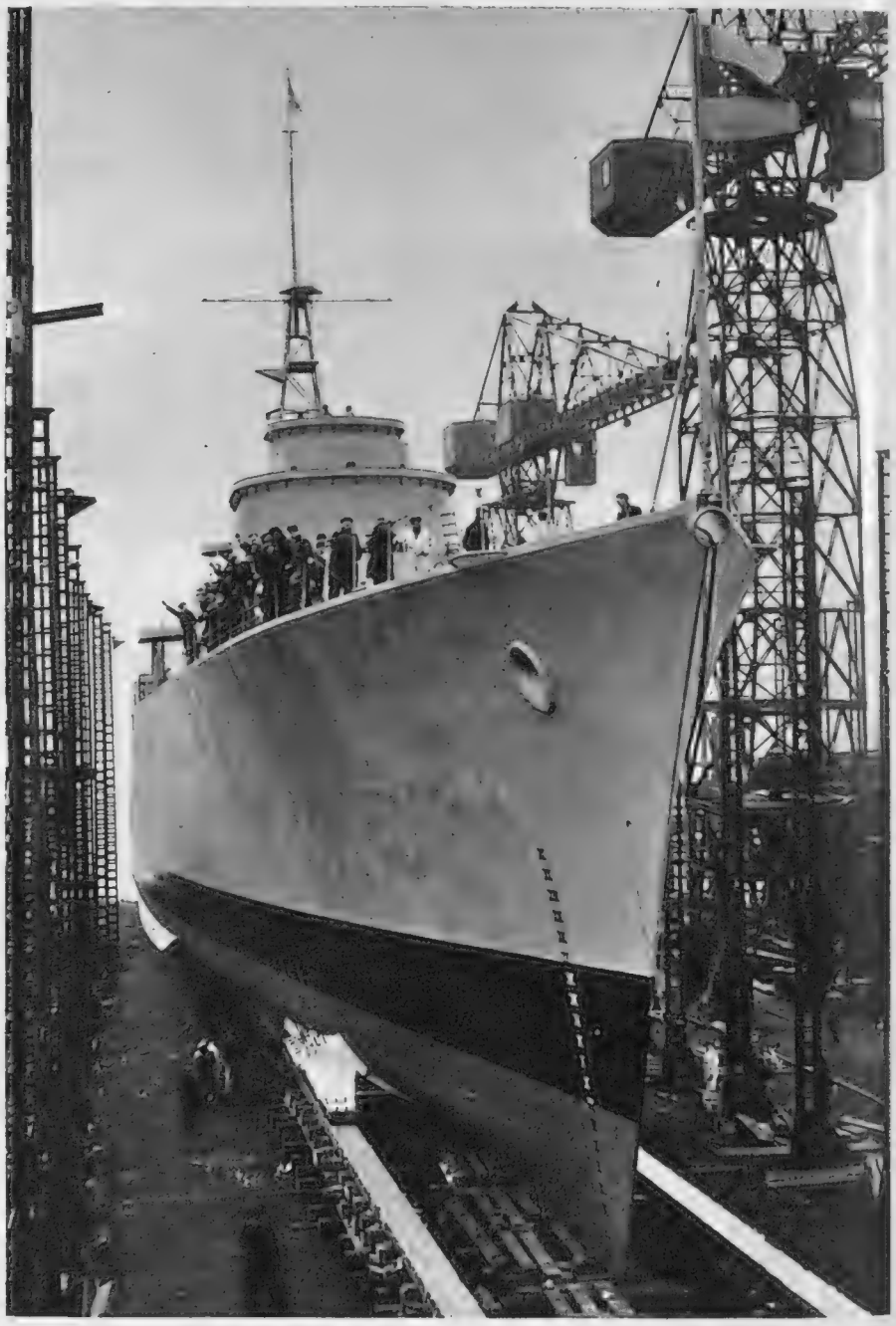
The keel of the *Ormonde* was laid down at the yard of John Brown and Company, Clydebank, in May 1913. The construction of the liner was interrupted by war and she was not launched until 1917. She was then fitted out as a transport and served as such until the end of the First World War. In 1919 the *Ormonde* took her place in the Orient Line service with Australia, in which she carried passengers in first, second and third classes. Some years later the passenger accommodation was converted to one class. During the last war the *Ormonde* again became a transport, and in that capacity steamed more than 300,000 miles and carried more than 125,000 persons. Since then she has been engaged in carrying migrants to Australia and returning with a smaller number of passengers in a tourist class. The liner is now lying in Tilbury Dock, where she will remain until December 1, afterwards leaving for the Clyde to be broken up at Dalmuir.

A TUG HAULING THE LINER "ORMONDE" INTO TILBURY DOCKS AT THE END OF HER LAST VOYAGE, HER 75TH TO AND FROM AUSTRALIA UNDER THE HOUSE FLAG OF THE ORIENT LINE: The 15,000-ton vessel thus ends a long period of fine service. She left London on her last round voyage to Australia on August 31.

THE FIRST OF THREE NEW DESTROYERS BEING BUILT FOR THE VENEZUELAN NAVY: The *Nueva Esparta* after her launching from Vickers-Armstrongs' Yard at Barrow-in-Furness. She is a vessel of 2,600 tons displacement.



A STERN VIEW OF THE "NUEVA ESPARTA" BEFORE HER LAUNCHING AT BARROW-IN-FURNESS: It will be noted that her propellers are not fitted. This task will be undertaken in dry-dock on completion of the fitting-out.



BEFORE THE "NUEVA ESPARTA" ENTERED HER ELEMENT: Dockyard workers on board the new destroyer shortly before her launching. The keels of this ship and of her sister-ship, the *Zulia*, were laid in July last year by Dr. Carlos Sosa Rodriguez, the Venezuelan Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. The naming of the *Nueva Esparta* was performed last week by Madame Sosa Rodriguez. Dr. Rodriguez declared at the launching that the new destroyer was not only one more unit in the Venezuelan Navy, but an addition to the navies of the free world. Venezuela's Navy consists of 200 officers and 2,000 men. In addition to three destroyers under construction there are five frigates in the navy, a landing-ship and two survey vessels. Each of the new destroyers is costing £2,500,000.

THE NEEDLES, ONE OF THE GLORIES OF OUR NATURAL HERITAGE, SEEN THROUGH THE BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT: This grotesque scene is offered to the public, foreign visitors included, as "The Needles Viewpoint." In a gale of wind that threatened to blow his sketch-book away, Victor Coverley-Price made this sketch from the only point on West High Down, Isle of Wight, from which a glimpse of The Needles and lighthouse can be obtained. In wartime it was essential to safeguard whatever installations were required on this promontory more than 400 ft. above the sea, but in peacetime the public surely ought to be allowed to enjoy a better view of The Needles than this. Two destroyers, barely visible on the sea, are about to enter the Solent.

THE THREAT TO THE NEEDLES

To Many People, Arriving or Leaving by Sea, They are a Symbol of England, but the Present Aspect of The Needles Promontory, Made Hideous by the War Department, is Cause for National Concern

Written and Illustrated by VICTOR COVERLEY-PRICE

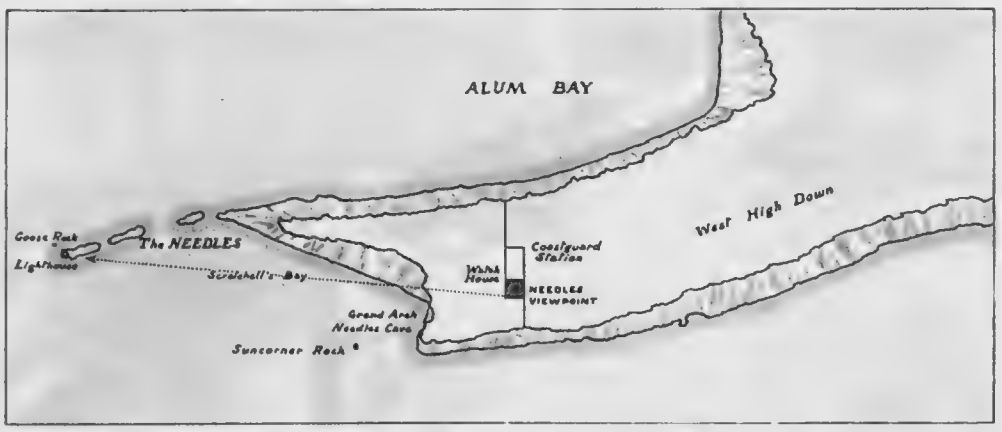
EVERY year—probably it would be no exaggeration to say every month—thousands of people pass in the neighbourhood of The Needles. Many of them are there for the first and perhaps the only time in their lives. Anyone who has been, or still is, at school in England looks forward to the opportunity actually to see the famous promontory, with its high chalk cliffs and stolid line of detached fragments, whose name he learnt in one of his earliest geography lessons. A large proportion of the holiday-makers who go to the Isle of Wight are eager to include a visit to The Needles in their tour, and many visitors from overseas, particularly those coming from America, hurry out on to the deck when they hear that The Needles are dimly visible on the horizon. For some of them, approaching Southampton by the western branch of the Solent, the sight is a memorable one, being their first introduction to the British Isles. But for many people born in these islands who sail from Southampton to live abroad for years, or perhaps for ever, the vision of The Needles fading on the horizon is an even more treasured memory.

The Needles ought to be kept inviolate, like the Matterhorn, St. Paul's Cathedral, Fujiyama, and other splendid spectacles, natural or man-made, that people will travel far to see. There must be occasions, as during the two great wars, when certain natural features even if they are famous beauty spots, assume great strategic importance and have to be controlled by the authorities responsible for the defence of the country. The region of The Needles is one of these. But when the emergency has passed they ought to be among the first places to be restored to their original condition, and the public should once more be allowed to have free access to them. If, in peace time, it is necessary to be prepared for a fresh emergency, means should be found to make the embryo defences available but not obstructive. At The Needles this elementary principle seems to have been sadly neglected.

During a recent visit to the region I took my sketch-book with a view to making some sketches of the famous landmark. From the north-east The Needles can be seen, more than half-a-mile away, across Alum Bay. Ever since I first saw them many years ago they have suggested to me gigantic molar teeth, ready to grind our enemies to pulp, rather than slender and glittering needles, and I have long wondered whence they derived their name. "The Molars" would seem more appropriate. It was in the museum at Carisbrooke Castle, where King Charles I was imprisoned for a time, that I at last solved the mystery of the name "The Needles," when I found an old drawing depicting the original needle-like rock that collapsed into the sea in 1764.

For reasons that I will shortly explain, the distant view across Alum Bay did not appeal to me as a good subject for a painting, and I set out to climb to the top of West High Down in the hope of finding a better view from the south. I thought that, if I could walk to the very end of the promontory, I might look down upon The Needles and the lighthouse from the crest of the chalk cliffs some 400 ft. above the sea and that this would be a spectacular subject for my brush. But the open-air photographer near the Royal Needles Hotel, who poses groups of holiday-makers about a stuffed bear and a stuffed lion in startling contrast with the locality, warned me that my climb would be in vain. For the moment I abandoned my plan; but later, through the courtesy of the Isle of Wight County Council, I was taken up on to West High Down and shown what should be one of the most striking views in all England—"The Needles Viewpoint." Believe it or not, the sketch at the head of this article is an accurate representation of what I saw.

The greater part of the promontory has been in the possession of the War Department since 1907, and at some later date they acquired the only remaining area of land from which a good view of The Needles could be obtained. "The Molars" had, apparently, become a secret weapon. On the highest point of ground along the eastern perimeter of the War Department's property there has long been a coastguard station, and in 1901 the Corporation of Lloyd's bought an adjoining plot of land for the erection of a watch-house and flagstaff for signalling. In 1902 Lloyd's leased a small piece of land, measuring 85 ft. by 25 ft., to the Admiralty for a period of 99 years, for use as an Admiralty war signal station. Presumably the Admiralty anticipated another Hundred Years War. The whole area is fenced off with barbed wire, and what goes on beyond the wire is the business of the War Department. I saw no sign of activity of any kind. On the contrary, I saw some apparently derelict brick structures, a short row of hideous and deserted-looking cottages, a monster black water-tank on stilts, and the ruinous remains of the signal station. This year at last the enterprising County Council are negotiating to buy from Lloyd's the half-acre of ground that is shaded on the map, and from one corner of this plot it is just possible to get a glimpse of The Needles through the barbed wire, 1,180 yards away and 420 ft. below. This is "The Needles Viewpoint." It ought not to be beyond the ingenuity of the War Department to provide a nearer approach than this.



"THE NEEDLES VIEWPOINT": The shaded square on this sketch-map is the half-acre of land which the Isle of Wight County Council wish to buy in order to provide the public with a view of The Needles from West High Down. The sketch at the head of this article was made from this point, 1,180 yards from the lighthouse. The dotted line on the map shows the line of sight. The area to the west of the "Viewpoint" is War Department property.

The whole of this region is a national asset. West High Down is of great botanical interest, and both it and Headon Warren have been scheduled as areas of special scientific importance. The colourful Alum Bay cliffs show a classic section of the Lower Tertiary strata and the Freshwater Marshes are famous for insects, particularly a rare moth. There is a Bronze

(*Concluded on following pages*)

THE THREAT TO THE NEEDLES

THE WHITE PINNACLES, FOR EVER A REMINDER OF ENGLAND: For some people this view of The Needles fading in the mist, sketched from the deck of a steamer heading out towards the Atlantic, is their last sight of England. For others, arriving from overseas, it may be their first sight. In either case the white pinnacles, the lighthouse and the high chalk cliffs, with Tennyson Down and Headon Hill in the background, are never likely to be forgotten. The enormous cave facing Scratchell's Bay is known as Grand Arch. Some of the lesser caves along this coast, where there have in the past been many shipwrecks, are said to have been used by smugglers.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

Age barrow on Headon Hill, but both the summit and the lower slopes facing The Needles are rendered monstrously unpicturesque by the concrete and brick remains, deliberately demolished but still not removed, of War Department structures. Close by is the site where, in the last years of the nineteenth century, Guglielmo Marconi made some of his early experiments in wireless communication and exchanged the first wireless messages with ships at sea. In 1899 information for the *Transatlantic Times*—the first newspaper ever produced at sea—was transmitted from this station. A lighthouse was established at The Needles in 1780 and a new one was completed there in 1859. On Tennyson Down, presented to the National Trust in 1927 by the second Lord Tennyson, there used to be a beacon, on the spot where the Tennyson Memorial now stands. The poet's home, Farringford, lies in the woods at the foot of the Down on which he often walked in meditation. The approach to the Down is now screened by gorse and brambles, but, once this obstacle has been negotiated, there is an excellent grassland walk along the top, though it is often swept by the gales that have bent the trees towards the east. *Enoch Arden* was written at Farringford, and Tennyson was on his way there from his other home at Aldworth, in his eighty-first year, when he wrote "Crossing the Bar."

The local authorities are alive to the importance of preserving the natural beauty of this region, and I was told that they are doing their best to complete a route for long-distance walking round the island—about 70 miles, largely along cliff-tops—that will probably begin and end at "The Needles Viewpoint." But, unless the unsightly debris is soon cleared away, that particular corner of the island is not likely to be an inspiring goal for weary foot-sloggers, who will prefer to take a short cut to Freshwater Bay or Totland Bay. Owing to constant erosion by the sea it has become necessary to construct a new sea-wall at Freshwater Bay and the work was in progress during my visit; but I found one of the most attractive panoramas in the island at the level-crossing near Freshwater Church. From there it is possible to see right along the vista of the River Yar to Yarmouth and its castle, built during the reign of Henry VIII; while beyond them,

THE WAR DEPARTMENT STILL INTRUDES UPON THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE: The Needles from the southern slope of Headon Hill, near Alum Bay. On the horizon to the right can be seen part of the Dorset coast near Swanage. Beyond The Needles and lighthouse a pilot boat is awaiting the arrival of a liner. The foreground of this view was once picturesque, with heather, gorse and pine-trees. Now it resembles part of a bombed and deserted town. The unsightly relics of the War Department's occupation have been deliberately wrecked, but no attempt appears to have been made to restore this beauty spot for the general public enjoyment.

On left—

THE OTHER NEEDLES : Freshwater Bay is a pleasant little cove backed by the Downs and less than four miles from The Needles. It has two "needles" of its own—Stag Rock and Arched Rock. The sea is constantly encroaching on this coast and, as shown in this sketch, a new and specially reinforced sea-wall is now nearing completion. Part of Afton Down is on the left.

Below—

THE NEEDLES IN EARLIER DAYS : This picture of The Needles as they were 200 years ago is based on an old drawing in the museum at Carisbrooke Castle, near Newport. It shows the pinnacle, said to have been 120 ft. in height, which gave the group its name and which fell into the sea in 1764. The sound of its fall was heard at Southampton, so it is related.

across the four miles of the Solent, you can see the dark line of the New Forest. The County Council intend to preserve this vista: already I have preserved it in my sketch-book. There are many other lovely views in this area: it may surprise some readers to know that Turner, Peter de Wint, George Morland, Watts and other famous artists painted there.

Yarmouth is a most picturesque old port and its harbour is dotted with small boats and yachts. It is a convenient point of approach to The Needles from Lymington, but the tourist traffic that helps to bring prosperity to the island will continue to be restricted until ferry charges for cars are cut.

Fortunately, perhaps, The Needles do not appear to have been directly connected with many historical events, though there have been several shipwrecks close to them. A number of the victims lie buried in Chale Churchyard, which also served as a ghoulish rendezvous for smugglers. The caves in the high chalk cliffs, visible from the sea, are reputed to have been used by smugglers bringing brandy, silk and tobacco from the Continent, but they must have been well known to the coastguards. One of the ships wrecked at The Needles, in 1811, was a frigate carrying the Persian Ambassador. All on board were saved. In the case of the full-rigged *Irex*, wrecked in 1890, the captain, the mate and several men were missing, and it was suspected that there had been a mutiny, but nothing was proved. One man with a broken leg was drawn up the 500-ft. cliff at Scratchell's Bay. Now that a shipwreck at The Needles is, we may hope, a thing of the past, it seems a pity that the singular beauty of this famous landmark should itself be wrecked. But perhaps, somewhere in the Whitehall archives, there is a plan to make "The Needles Viewpoint" worth visiting.

THE VISTA OF THE SOLENT ENCUMBERED BY THE PARAPHERNALIA OF WAR : The summit of Headon Hill, between Totland Bay and The Needles, ought to provide one of the finest views in the country, looking south-west towards The Needles or north-east across the Solent—a panorama that embraces much of the New Forest. But the very top of the hill is still encumbered by the hideous and shattered remains of concrete defences, and the beauty of this view across the Solent is largely destroyed.

THE THREAT TO THE NEEDLES

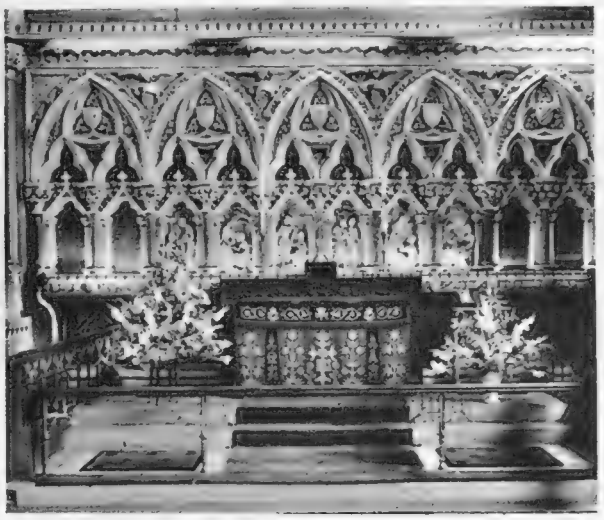
LOOKING FROM THE WESTERN HEIGHTS OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT TOWARDS THE DORSET AND HAMPSHIRE COASTS: Sitting among gorse and brambles near the top of Tennyson Down, now National Trust property, our artist made this sketch looking across the Solent to the New Forest. In the centre background is the mouth of the Lymington River; on a spit of land on the left is Hurst Castle, where Charles I was imprisoned after leaving Carisbrooke Castle, and the lighthouse. The low hill in the foreground conceals Warden Point, and to the right, beyond Colwell Bay, is Fort Albert. Scattered among the trees are the houses of Totland and Freshwater. Farringford, the home of Tennyson, is near by. Tennyson often enjoyed this view during his walks on the Down that now bears his name.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT'S WESTERNMOST PORT OF ENTRY: Yarmouth, a convenient port of approach for visitors to The Needles, is one of the most picturesque old ports in the island and it is served by a passenger and car ferry from Lymington. In this view of the harbour the ferry has just arrived and cars are waiting on the quay to go on board. There are at Yarmouth remains of the castle built in 1537, by order of Henry VIII, from stone taken from Beaulieu Abbey.

A WEST-END CHURCH FIGHTS for its FUTURE

Christ Church, Mayfair, is in Danger of Becoming Redundant; Bomb-damaged Bow Church with a New Tower; Coventry's Perspex Processional Cross; Bristol's New Presbyterian Church

THIS CHURCH IS UNDER A THREAT OF DEMOLITION IN THE NEAR FUTURE AS BEING REDUNDANT—BUT THE CONGREGATION ARE FIGHTING THE THREAT WITH DETERMINATION: This is a view of the north-east corner of Christ Church, Down Street, Mayfair, which may be demolished if the Reorganisation Committee of the Diocese of London consider the church redundant. So far the Executive Committee of the Diocesan Committee has recommended that Christ Church be closed, and the parish united with that of St. George, Hanover Square, the original parish church of the area now served by Christ Church. Since the war, during which time the church was faced with difficulties owing to the withdrawal of many of the parishioners to active service, and to other parts of the country, Christ Church has had a remarkable come-back, and its present activities in no way come short of its great past before the First World War. The Priest-in-Charge, the Rev. Howard G. Marshall, a former Assistant Chaplain-General, says: "We believe that the removal of this church would have a devastating effect on this area as an act of defeatism, and would throw a very live congregation out into the wilderness. . . . its spiritual value to-day is something that cannot be dispensed with." In the meantime, members of the congregation have effected the necessary repairs on the exterior of the building, while the more accessible parts of the interior have been cleaned.



THE CENTRAL POINT OF WORSHIP AT CHRIST CHURCH: A view looking towards the High Altar and showing the reredos given in memory of Mr. Thomas Henry Pope, of Deepdene, Surrey. The present building was rebuilt almost entirely in 1906, after a fire which destroyed most of the nineteenth-century church.

BOW CHURCH RISES AGAIN: A view of the church, which stands like an island in the middle of Bow Road, in the East End of London, showing work in progress on the new tower, which will be an almost perfect replica of the old structure. The tower will be surmounted by a four-faced clock, and its belfry windows will be able to be closed in order to muffle the sound of the peal of eight bells. People of London have worshipped in the old Bow church since 1311, and although it has been subjected to fire and vandalism, it has only been closed for worship on one Sunday—the day it was heavily damaged by a German bomb in the Second World War.

WORK GOES AHEAD ON A NEW PROCESSIONAL CROSS FOR COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: Mr. Leslie Durbin, a London silversmith who did the gold and silver work on the Sword of Honour given by King George VI to Stalingrad, compares the new perspex Cross with its wooden template. The centre of the Cross is made of transparent plastic instead of crystal, as the latter is so fragile that if dropped it would probably shatter. The plastic centre, which is said to be almost indistinguishable from crystal, is very strong. On the Cross will be engraved the arms of the evangelists and the figure of St. Michael, the Patron Saint of Coventry. The Cross, which will be fixed to a silver staff, is being given to the Cathedral by the Dowager Lady Reading, on behalf of the Women's Voluntary Service.

THE WEST END OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH: This view shows the diamond-shaped window, out of which runs the Cross rising above the roof.

THE NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH FOR THE LOCKLEAZE ESTATE, BRISTOL: At the rear of the building, behind the wall at the east end, is this block which includes the hall, over which is the minister's flat. The hall has a gaily-coloured entrance porch, with four large windows facing east. The new Presbyterian church forms part of a new estate, now under construction, and is being built from war-damage funds to replace the blitzed St. James's. At the west end of the building there are two entrance porches of identical design. Inside at the east end there is a small apse containing the chairs of the officiating ministers, and on the wall is a large Cross.

A YOUNG PUNJABI GIRL GARLANDING THE PRIME MINISTER OF INDIA IN DELHI DURING CELEBRATIONS OF HIS SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY: Pandit Nehru was born on November 14, 1889, and this year his birthday was celebrated throughout India as Children's Day. Funds were collected for building schools and for other social amenities for the young of this great land.

AN INDIAN OPEN-AIR THEATRE—PART OF A NATION-WIDE EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN: The great majority of Indians are illiterate villagers and plays like this are an important part in the drive to raise educational standards throughout the country. The Premier, himself a distinguished scholar, has warmly supported the fight against illiteracy.

Independent India, under the resolute leadership of Pandit Nehru, has already laid claim to an important and respected position among the free nations of the world. At the United Nations her suitability as a mediator between East and West is widely recognised if not always warmly welcomed, and her representatives in the General Assembly have made strenuous and sincere efforts to ease international tension. Within her own borders there is still widespread corruption, and a small but consistently energetic Communist Party, which won considerable power in the General Elections this year, continues to harass the Nehru administration. Nevertheless, Pandit Nehru's popularity shows no sign of decline, and neither the extreme Right-Wing Hindu Mahasabha nor the Communists have successfully contested it. Under Nehru's wise if sometimes irascible guidance India is pressing forward with ambitious plans for social uplift, the education of her 362,000,000 people, and with intelligent schemes for raising agricultural yields and increasing the land under cultivation. Yet, with the population of the country increasing, according to the last census, at the rate of eight a minute, it is difficult to see how food production can ever succeed in catching up with the country's vast requirements. Meanwhile, India's relationship with her Muslim neighbour, Pakistan, does not improve, with the shadow of the Kashmir problem lying long and dark across the whole sub-continent.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

MARSHAL TITO (EXTREME RIGHT) VOTING FOR THE EXPULSION FROM THE PARTY OF A MEMBER WHO RECENTLY MADE ALLEGATIONS OF IMMORALITY AGAINST THE SERBIAN PREMIER: Voting with Marshal Tito are Edvard Kardelj (wearing glasses), the Foreign Minister, and (centre) Alexander Rankovic, Minister of the Interior. The allegations were made during the Yugoslav Communist Party Congress at Zagreb, when Ljubodrag Djurich, Secretary-General of the Federal Government, publicly accused Petar Stambulich, Prime Minister of Serbia, of "alienating his wife's affections." An uproar ensued after Djurich, in a confused speech which was constantly interrupted by cries of "Enough!" emphasized the necessity for a high standard of moral conduct within the Party. For a time the broadcasting of the Congress was cut off and later it was announced that Djurich had been removed. Djurich's electors are withdrawing his mandate.

DRAMA ON A NEW YORK SIDEWALK: In the picture *on the left*, Patrolman J. Shavelson points a revolver at twenty-one-year-old Joseph McGrane, who is alleged, with two other men, to have held up a bowling alley, (seen in the left background). One of these men, Michael Spillane, aged nineteen, is lying wounded on the pavement after being shot by another patrolman. The third man eluded the police and escaped. In the picture *above*, McGrane is searched by the police while the wounded man receives first-aid treatment. The Roxy Theatre in the background is, somewhat appropriately, advertising film star Ray Milland in "The Thief." These pictures were taken by Harris Rodvogin, an ex-naval photographer, who was passing by as the drama took place.

MRS. ANNA ROSENBERG, AMERICAN ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENCE, LISTENS AS A CHINESE COMMUNIST PRISONER IS QUESTIONED IN KOREA : Behind Mrs. Rosenberg is Lieut.-General R. E. Jenkins and on the extreme right is General Van Fleet, the Eighth Army Commander in Korea. Mrs. Rosenberg, who was concluding a tour of the front, and General Van Fleet are agreed that General Eisenhower's much-publicised visit to Korea will be profitable. At a Press conference the Assistant Defence Secretary said that she was sure that General Eisenhower would do "what was right" when he went to Korea.

A PRO-COMMUNIST CONFERENCE OPENS IN BERLIN : Seated (from left to right) are Joseph Wirth, a former German Reichschancellor ; Frau Professor Klara-Marie Fassbinder, from Bonn ; Pastor Martin Niemöller and, standing on the extreme right, Guiseppe Nitto, Liberal member of the Italian delegation. Berlin was chosen for the three-day conference after the French, Danish and Swedish Governments had in turn withheld the visas necessary to make the conference representative. There was a great deal said about the projected rearmament in West Germany at the conference, but almost nothing about the progress in East Germany. Only Pastor Niemöller, president of the Evangelical Church in Hesse, referred to this rearmament at a Press conference held after the opening of the meeting. Among the East German delegates was Herr Dahlem, who is greatly concerned with the expansion of armed forces in East Germany.

A BOBSLEIGH ON SKIS : This new type of bobsleigh, which is seen on a trial run, has been developed by Rudolf Reitmeier, of Munich, and is the result of ten years' planning and construction. Reitmeier's bobsleigh will run on any snowfield or ski-ing track without the specially-built-in curves which are fitted to the normal bob-runways. The sleigh is fitted with a steering mechanism and weighs about 90 lb.

A RECORD ATTEMPT THAT DID NOT COME OFF : Making adjustments to the 500 cc. J.A.P. motor of the Cooper Bristol are Bill Aston (left), mechanic Chris Brew and John Cooper (right). John Cooper, who is the son of the race-car builder, and Bill Aston had hoped to make attempts on some world records at the Montlhery Autodrome, near Paris, but because of bad weather, all record attempts have been out of the question. It is hoped to renew the record bid next spring. During practice runs last week, the car put up a very creditable performance.

TRYGVE LIE AND HIS WIFE ATTEND THE FUNERAL OF ABRAHAM FELLER IN NEW YORK : Abraham Feller, General Counsel of the United Nations, leapt to his death from his apartment in New York on November 13. About 400 people were present at the service including Sir Gladwyn Jebb, British representative to U.N., and Dean Acheson, American Secretary of State.

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE AMERICAN MEMORIAL LIBRARY IN BLUCHER-PLATZ, BERLIN : The library, when completed, is intended as a gift from the people of America to the citizens of Berlin. Plans for the building were drawn up by a committee of German and American architects and approved by the United States High Commission Headquarters in Bonn. An American grant of 5,000,000 German marks is paying for the cost of construction. Among the many departments will be a children's library and a music room.

A PICTURE THAT CAUSED A STRUGGLE AND AN ACCIDENT : Ex-Queen Narriman (left) is seen in her car while on a shopping expedition in Rome. After the photographer had taken this picture, one of ex-Queen Narriman's guards attempted to seize the negative. The ex-Queen and her shopping party hurriedly entered the car, which drove off at high speed, hitting a motor scooter which was standing near by. A few minutes later, the car returned without ex-Queen Narriman, and the driver apologised to the owner of the scooter.

OVER LAND OR UNDER WATER

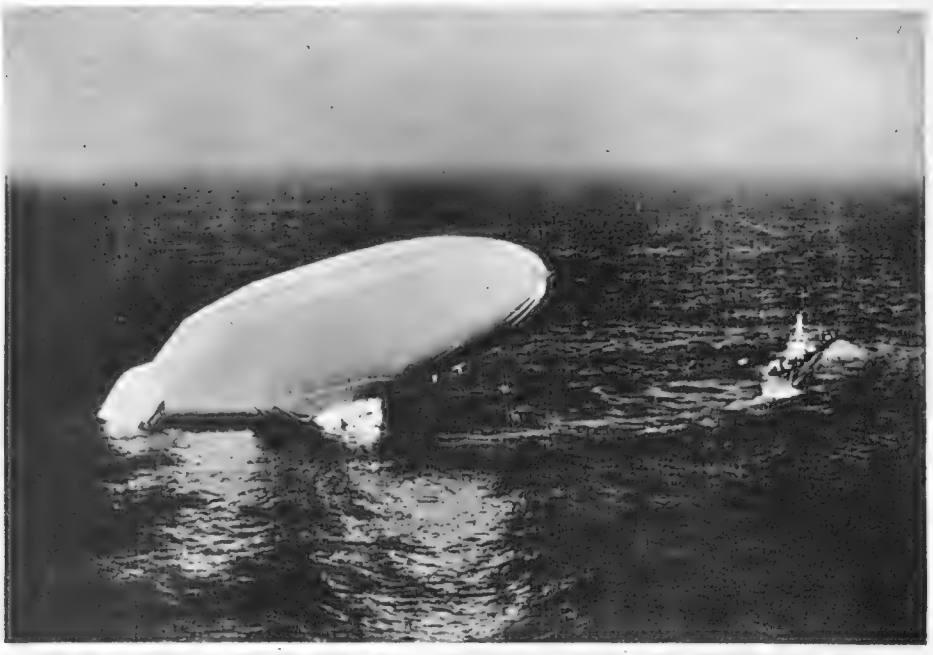
The Demonstration of the New Austin "Champ" Military Vehicle at Farnborough; and Aeronautical News from the New World

THE AUSTIN MILITARY ALL-PURPOSE VEHICLE, THE MILITARY VERSION OF THE "CHAMP," ENTERS THE WATER DURING A DEMONSTRATION AT FARNBOROUGH, HANTS: Altogether there are three versions of the all-purpose vehicle, the other two being another military version with a special Austin 2,660 cc. engine, and a civilian version with a normal Austin 2,660 cc. engine. The military version shown in this picture has a Rolls-Royce engine and is fitted with a stack-pipe leading to the air intake.

ALL SET FOR A RIDE THROUGH THE WATER: Driver T. A. Sheppard, dressed in his frogman's outfit, is seen climbing into the "Champ" at the start of the demonstration. The vehicle can be submerged to a depth of 5 ft.

THIS IS THE OTHER MILITARY VERSION OF THE "CHAMP": The four-wheel-drive vehicle negotiates the steepest of slopes, at an acute angle, with comparative ease. At the moment the prices for the three versions vary from £730 to £1,000, and the vehicles are being supplied to export markets.

The "Champ," an Austin military all-purpose vehicle, is a four-wheel-drive truck which has been specially developed for the British armed services as a light personnel carrier. It is designed for service on roads or across country, and is ideal for any circumstances requiring fast transport over long distances where roads are poor. Last week at Farnborough the three versions of the vehicle were put through their paces over rough, hilly terrain and through deep mud impassable by an ordinary motor vehicle, the military version with the Rolls-Royce engine being driven through a 6-ft. tank. Dressed in a frogman's outfit, Mr. T. A. Sheppard drove down the one-in-two gradient into the water-filled tank, in which the vehicle was submerged to a depth of 5ft. At the end of the test Mr. Sheppard said he could have driven the car indefinitely under water.



A UNITED STATES BLIMP CRASHES INTO THE SEA 55 MILES OFF BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA: The crash into the Atlantic occurred after a propeller had torn a hole in the Blimp's gas-filled bag. All the eleven members of the Blimp's crew were rescued by the submarine *Seadog*, which is seen on the right of the picture. At the time of the accident the Blimp was on a routine training flight.

A WINGLESS WONDER TAKES THE AIR—THE FIRST TEST FLIGHT OF A NEW AMERICAN AIRCRAFT DISAPPOINTS ITS DESIGNER: These three pictures show the strange-looking aircraft as it took off from the Orange County Airport at Santa Ana, California, and reached a height of 200 ft. Mr. William E. Horton, designer, builder and pilot of the aircraft, had hoped to fly it for an hour, but drag and gravity triumphed over lift and power, and the plane came down undamaged in an open field a mile away. The test flight was made after extensive taxi-tests lasting eight weeks.

MANY INVENTIONS

A Model of Thor Heyerdahl's "Kon-Tiki"; a London Amateur Astronomer; a Giant Magic-Lantern in Denmark

A MODEL OF THOR HEYERDAHL'S RAFT "KON-TIKI" WHICH HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED BY A YOUNG PORTSMOUTH ARCHITECTURAL STUDENT: The model, which is one of six made for advertising purposes, is of unstained balsa wood, the same material from which the *Kon-Tiki* itself was made, and has decks and cabin of raffia. Altogether nearly 20 yards of twine was used for the rigging and for lashing together the raft's nine balsa logs. The model is 6 ins. wide, 1 ft. 6 ins. long and 1 ft. 6 ins. high. It was made by Anthony Hutchings, an eighteen-year-old architectural student of the Portsmouth Art College, who has made, up to date, 246 models of various kinds during the past six years.

PROJECTING PICTURES ON TO THE CLOUDS WITH "THE BIGGEST MAGIC-LANTERN IN THE WORLD": This enormous, gun-like apparatus has been constructed by a new society in Copenhagen to project pictures on to the clouds. The picture, it is claimed, will cover an area of 30,000 square feet at a height of 3,000 ft. The lantern itself is about 30 ft. long, with a plastic lens nearly 2 ft. in diameter. The cost of the lens was roughly £450, only a tenth of what it would have cost if made of glass. The lantern may eventually be used to project moving as well as still pictures.

A HAMPSTEAD ASTRONOMER AT WORK IN HIS GARDEN OBSERVATORY: This is Mr. Henry Wildey, of Savernake Road, Hampstead, who helped in a recent television programme showing close-ups of the moon's surface.

On right—

MR. HENRY WILDEY, THE HAMPSTEAD ASTRONOMER, WITH THE TWO-TON ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE HE HAS ERECTED IN HIS GARDEN: Mr. Wildey is a builder by trade but is a highly accomplished maker of optical mirrors and a Fellow and Curator of Instruments of the Royal Astronomical Society. This reflecting telescope, which has a 20½-in. mirror, was presented to him by Dr. W. H. Stevenson, the astronomer. Mr. Wildey's observatory is sometimes open to the public.

THE ANCIENT AND BEAUTIFUL CHURCH OF VIEUX-POUZAUGES, AMID THE VENDEAN HILL COUNTRY SOUTH OF CHOLET, WESTERN FRANCE, WHERE WALL FRESCOES OF VAST ECCLESIASTICAL IMPORTANCE HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO LIGHT: *Above*—The twelfth-century church in its leafy setting, with a cypress at the east end. *On left*—The south-west angle, with its turreted transept. *On right*—The western doorway.

THE FRESCO DISCOVERIES OF OLD POUZAUGES

A Little Church in the Vendée Yields Treasure Trove for the Student of Ecclesiastical Medieval Art: Scenes from the Lives of St. Joachim and St. Anne, from the Childhood of the Virgin Mary, and the Presentation in the Temple

By MARC THIBOUT
(*Conservator of the National Museums of France*)

Pouzauges is a little town amid the hills and woodlands of the Vendée, that scene of fierce pro-Royalist insurrection in the years after the French Revolution, and its aspect to-day remains essentially romantic and remote, though situated not many kilometres from Cholet, that thriving manufacturing town (no less associated with the Chouans) so grossly inflated in population since the war by the bombed-out citizens of Nantes. It was at Pouzauges in 1948 that antiquarians from Cholet made the discovery of frescoes of surpassing beauty adorning the walls of the twelfth-century church which, although in a sad state of deterioration owing to the general dampness of the fabric, none the less revealed craftsmanship of the highest order, comparable in character indeed to the wonderful frescoes of Saint Savin-sur-Gartempe, in Vienne, to which Prosper Merimee drew attention in 1845. The Pouzauges frescoes, telling the story of St. Anne and St. Joachim and the Presentation of the Virgin Mary in the Temple, belong to an age when churches were adorned with frescoes from the bases of their columns to the summits of their vaultings, and in the following article M. Thibout, Conservator of the National Museums of France, describes their discovery and their characteristics, emphasizing what a mass of research is still required in this hitherto half-neglected field.

ST. JOACHIM AND ST. ANNE AS PORTRAYED ON THE WALLS OF THE CHURCH OF VIEUX-POUZAUGES: Scenes from the life of these two saints, and from the childhood of the Virgin Mary, are included in these frescoes which are far ahead in technique of the age to which they belong—the late twelfth or early thirteenth centuries. *On left*—The Presentation of Mary in the Temple.

THAT wall paintings played an important part in the life of the Middle Ages is undeniable. There are still many people who entertain an entirely wrong conception of what the monuments of that time were really like, and although the churches we know to-day, with their bare walls masked by the patina of time, may appeal to our susceptibilities, they are really very remote from their pristine state. The churches in the Middle Ages were, more often than not, elaborately adorned throughout, the paintings and ornamental work even encroaching upon the sculpture and overflowing on to the ornamental tympani above the doors. These paintings served a dual purpose: to embellish the House of God and to instruct the faithful.

The people of the classic age, tired of medieval art and in their aspirations towards new horizons, were guilty of widespread, irreparable destruction, especially of stained-glass windows, but in spite of their intentions, they unwittingly saved a certain number of mural paintings by covering them with whitewash. The task which now confronts the archæologist, as and when sufficient funds are available, is to restore these paintings to the light of day.

One of the most recent and most important discoveries was made in the church of Vieux-Pouzauges, in the Vendée.

During the summer of 1948, M. François Chamard and M. Jean Challet discovered, inside the church on the north wall of the nave, a few traces of colour which aroused their curiosity, and after obtaining the necessary permission, they began their task of scraping away the surface, which they continued during 1949. The result was highly successful, and the group of paintings which they uncovered proved to be of outstanding craftsmanship.

Originally, the whole church must have been covered with paintings, but damp has taken its toll.

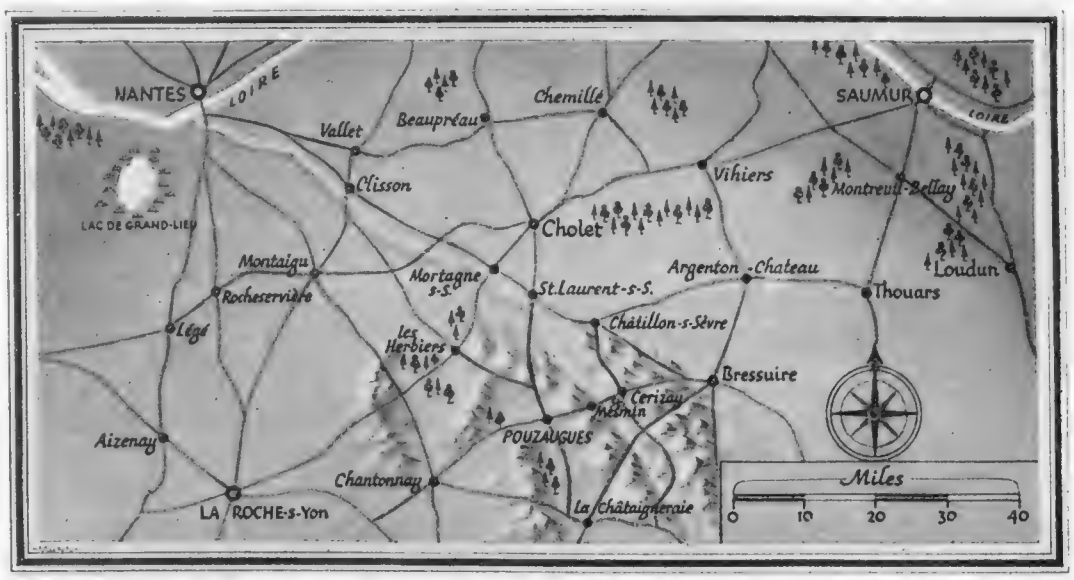
On the north wall of the nave are a number of scenes at a height of about 15 ft. from the ground; the scenes, including the frieze and the moulding by which they are surmounted, are nearly 12 ft. high and extend over 30 ft. These paintings represent scenes from the life of St. Joachim and St. Anne, as well as from the childhood of Mary.

From west to east is a scene showing St. Joachim (his name is inscribed about his head) surrounded by shepherds and their flocks. The second scene shows the meeting of St. Joachim and St. Anne at the Golden Gate. It is just possible to make out the faces of the figures, which are of fine craftsmanship, and on the right can be seen the faint outlines of a monument. This second scene is separated from the next by one of the windows in the nave.

On the other side of the window is a group of figures amongst whom it is possible to recognise St. Joachim and St. Anne, with the Virgin in front of them; the scene represents the Presentation of the Virgin in the Temple. In accordance with the practice frequently adopted in the Middle Ages and especially in the romantic age, architectural elements surmounting the paintings serve to confine the scene and act as a frame. The next painting, which is a continuation of the Presentation in the Temple, shows Mary standing before the altar.

Judging from their style, these paintings date from the end of the twelfth century or the early years of the thirteenth century, a fact which has been confirmed by certain architectural features. In fact, the wall on which they are painted is pierced with tierce-point windows contemporary with the edifice.

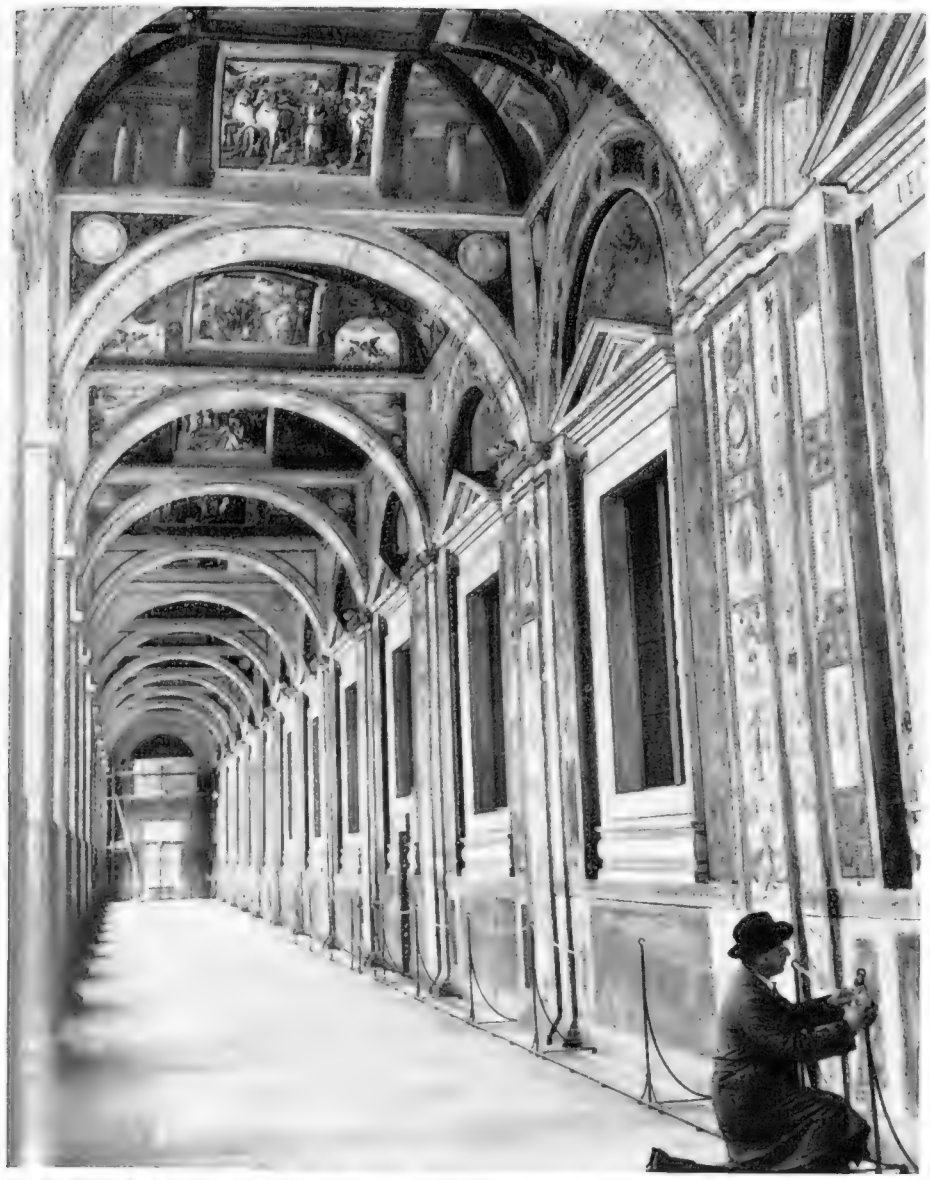
Finally, the iconography is exceptional for that particular age because, although the story of St. Joachim and St. Anne can be seen and admired in the capitals of the west door at Chartres or on the St. Anne's door in Paris, and although a careful search may reveal certain stained-glass windows dating from the thirteenth century which, perhaps, evoke the same story, we have to wait until the end of the fifteenth century before we see the same subject again in the beautiful paintings at Kernascleden, in Morbihan.



POUZAUGES STANDS IN THE WOODED HILLS NEAR THE SÈVRES NANTAISE AND ON THE EDGE OF THE GREAT PLAIN OF THE VENDÉE, WHICH REACHES TO THE BAY OF BISCAY: It is well away from the beaten tourist track, and but for the enthusiasm of a group of antiquarians, among them Robert Lapied, architect of Cholet, the twelfth- or thirteenth-century frescoes of the church would not have been brought to the notice of the world.

VATICAN FRESCOES BROUGHT TO LIGHT

Works of Art, in the Celebrated Logge, of Raphael are Now Revealed in all the Beauty of their Original Colouring



IN RAPHAEL'S LOGGE, IN THE VATICAN, HITHERTO UNSEEN FRESCOES HAVE BEEN BROUGHT TO LIGHT: The scaffolding at the end of the Logge covers the spot where these frescoes have been discovered by one of the Vatican's honorary curators. The newly-discovered frescoes are in the same manner as the old, but their importance lies in the fact that they have been so well preserved by a wall which has covered them for 400 years that their original colouring can be seen and appreciated. The majority of frescoes in the Logge have faded through being open to the weather.

REDIG DE CAMPOS, THE BRAZILIAN ART EXPERT AND ONE OF THE VATICAN'S HONORARY CURATORS, WHO DISCOVERED THE NEW FRESCOES: He is seen standing at a point where the new and old frescoes of the Logge merge, and it can be readily observed how much clearer in detail are the new designs which have been so long hidden away from the light of day.

HOW THE FRESCOES OF RAPHAEL'S LOGGE IN THE VATICAN PALACE HAVE FADED WITH THE YEARS: *Left*—Figures of Greek dancing maidens which may have been by the great Raphael himself. These have faded badly because of their nearness to a window. *Right*—On this portion of the frescoes a visitor, or more likely a soldier of one of the armies of occupation, of nearly three-and-a-half centuries ago wrote the date 1612. Thanks to the discovery of the hitherto unknown portions of fresco it is possible to picture how the whole Logge looked in the days when Raphael superintended its decoration.

Raphael's much-disfigured Logge should be one of the wonders of the Vatican, its west wing richly embellished, as it is, with stucco mouldings, wall frescoes and ceiling paintings from designs by Raphael and executed under his superintendence by Giulio Romano, Giovanni da Udine, and other pupils of Raphael. Unfortunately, the Logge in its original form was open and the bulk of the famous frescoes suffered seriously from the weather long before the decision was made in 1813 to put glass in the windows. The frescoes also suffered from the depredations of troops, units of occupying armies from Spain, France and Germany having through several centuries used the passageway as temporary quarters, boiling their kettles there, scratching their names on the wall paintings, and even adding their own lewd drawings. One soldier who left his signature there was none other than Guiseppe Garibaldi.

Some of the frescoes, which were hidden behind a wall erected in 1530, escaped both this exposure and this vandalism, however, and now through the work of one of the Honorary Curators of the Vatican they have been brought to light in all their pristine magnificence, splendidly preserved down the centuries and now revealing what the appearance of the whole Logge must have been in the days of Raphael and his fellow-artists. The fertility of invention and the gracefulness of treatment of these frescoes have been abundantly apparent, and now we are able to see that these qualities were matched by a truly wonderful richness of colouring.

Among the ceiling paintings after Raphael's designs those in the first vault are by Giulio Romano, the others being by Francesco Penni, Perin del Vaga and Polidoro da Carvaggio. Each of the thirteen sections of the vaulting contains four Biblical scenes in quadrangular borders which are together known as Raphael's Bible. Of special interest are the charming reliefs in the arches of the windows. Here, for instance, one may perceive Raphael sitting and drawing, with a grinder of colours below him. Lower down are a number of Raphael's pupils busied in executing their master's designs, and below them Fame, proclaiming the magnificence of the work.

All these things will now appeal very much more strongly to the visitor who, in the newly-discovered frescoes, will have before him what is really a colour guide to the Logge. To the curators of the Vatican the new discovery has brought great delight, as no doubt it will also to the thousands of visitors.

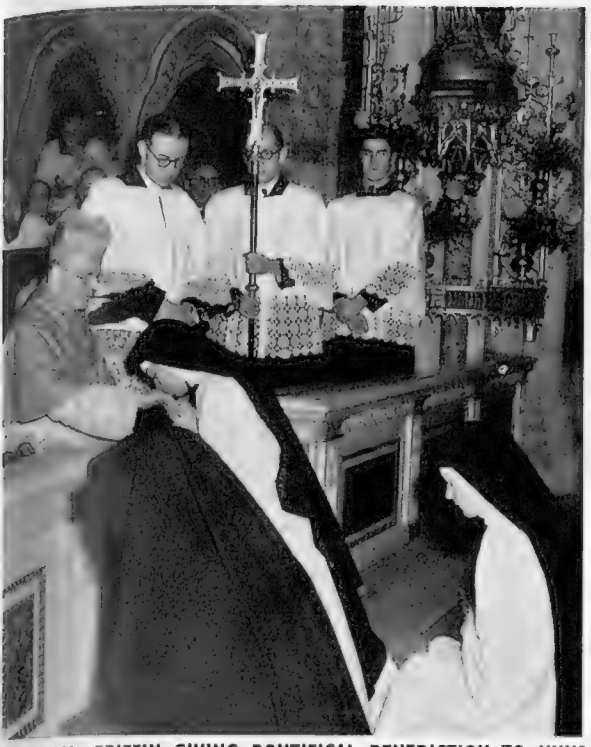
NOVEMBER DAYS IN BRITAIN

Helicopters Arrive for Malaya; Fire at Hampton Court; Missionary Nuns Leave for Abroad; a Windmill Generator for Wales; and Other Home News in Pictures

UNITED STATES S.55 HELICOPTERS FOR USE IN MALAYA BEING UNLOADED AT SOUTHAMPTON: Ten of these machines, to be manned by the Royal Navy and operated under the control of the R.A.F., were delivered ahead of schedule by the United States Government under the Mutual Defence Assistance programme. Each can carry ten soldiers or eight stretcher cases in addition to the crew of two. They are to be operated by the Royal Navy Helicopter Squadron 848 which is at present based at Gosport, where the machines have been sent. At Gosport, crews will be trained in the use of the helicopters before the Squadron leaves for Malaya.

DR. EDITH SITWELL, WHO HAS LEFT LONDON FOR HOLLYWOOD, WHERE A FILM BASED ON HER BOOK "FANFARE FOR ELIZABETH" IS TO BE MADE: She is seen shortly before leaving London wearing a Tudor-style headdress, heavy gold bangles and an enormous topaz ring, which was given to her a few years ago. Dr. Sitwell, as famous for her wit as for her poetry, is to write the screen-play of the film herself, a new task for her and one which her readers will regard with considerable interest. Her book is a survey and panorama of the reign and life of the first Queen Elizabeth, and its wealth of imagery has inspired Columbia Studios to consider it for one of their most ambitious films of next year. No decision has yet been taken on a cast and director for the production

THE FIREMAN'S LADDER BEING PUT UP TO FIGHT THE FIRE IN CLOCK COURT AT HAMPTON COURT LAST WEEK: The fire was discovered at 8 p.m. on the Tuesday night, and the fire engines which are stationed in Tennis Court Lane, near the Palace, were soon on the scene. It became evident, however, that more fire appliances would be needed, and brigades were rushed from Sudbury, Kingston, Twickenham, Heston, Sunbury and Willesden. The fifty firemen and sixteen fire engines had the flames well under control by 10 p.m. *On left:*—**The gutted Queen's Bedroom of the Cumberland suite in the Tudor wing as it appeared on the morning after the fire.** Most badly damaged by the fire were the Catherine of Aragon apartments, which were the original apartments of King Henry VIII. Most of these rooms were to be converted into "grace and favour" apartments, and were unoccupied when the fire occurred. Work had been in progress preparing the rooms, which would have been finished by June 1953. Pictures hanging near the scene of the fire were removed by the Palace staff, and it has been officially announced from the Palace that no work was damaged



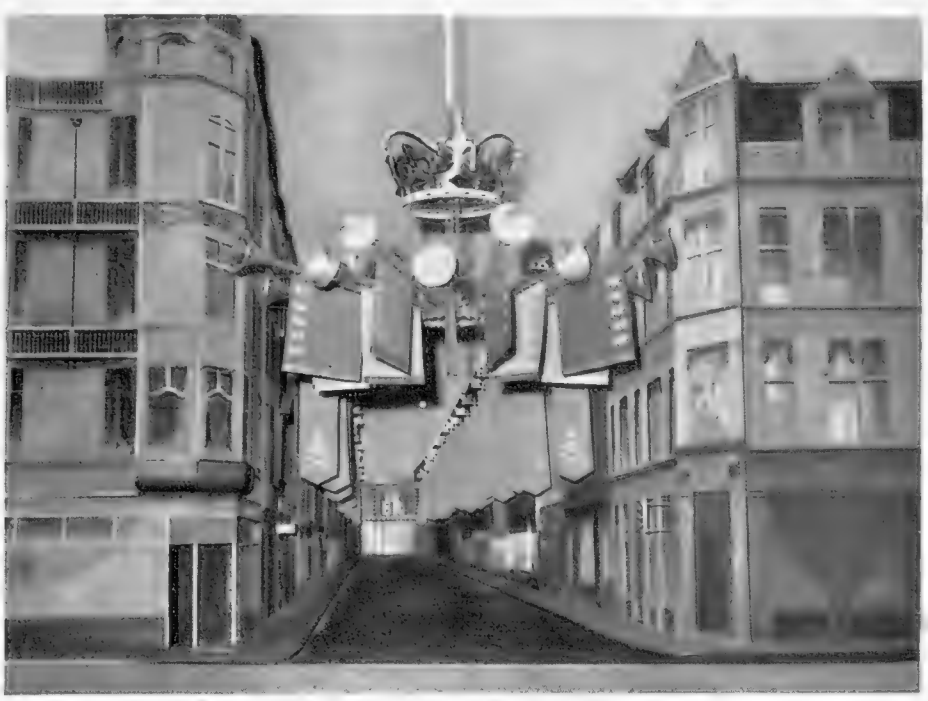
CARDINAL GRIFFIN GIVING PONTIFICAL BENEDICTION TO NUNS WHO ARE TO WORK IN OVERSEAS MISSIONS : The impressive ceremony of farewell took place in the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Farm Street, London. After being received by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, Bernard, Cardinal Griffin, the fourteen nuns who were leaving sat down while their sisters filed past making their farewell. Each nun in the procession first knelt before a seated nun, kissed her feet and then rose and embraced her lightly on both cheeks. The fourteen Franciscan missionaries of Mary, who have come from various parts of the world, have now left England for mission stations and leper colonies in Natal, the Gold Coast, Liberia, Ceylon and Pakistan. Three of the missionaries are on their way to Baramulla, on the Afghan border, where some nuns were murdered by tribesmen five years ago.

A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM DERBYSHIRE : This picturesque scene was taken in the Peak District of Derbyshire recently, when snow fell over a wide area in that part of England. At the same time, London and surrounding districts were having their first fall of snow this winter. In London the snow was not quite so picturesque, and was marred in many places by dense fog. On the Continent severe weather had delayed road and rail traffic, and Channel shipping between Dungeness and Beachy Head was slowed down.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER AT THE ANNUAL CIVIL SERVICE ART SHOW, WHICH OPENED LAST WEEK : With the Duchess is Mr. Frank Rees, Honorary General Secretary of the Association of Civil Service Art Clubs, and behind them stands the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Rupert de la Bère, M.P., with Mr. M. B. Blackshaw, the chairman of the Association. The exhibition, which is being held in the Guildhall Art Gallery, closes on December 3.

MYNYDD-ANNELWOG, IN THE LLEYN PENINSULA, CAERNARVONSHIRE, WHERE THE BRITISH ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY PROPOSES TO ERECT A WIND-DRIVEN GENERATOR : This view is taken looking inland from the tip of the peninsula. The erection of a windmill generator here was described as a fantastic proposition when a public inquiry into the scheme was resumed recently. Parishioners are concerned about the possibility of losing grazing rights and about the noise which an 80-ft.-wide double-bladed propeller might make.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY WITH DR. OTTO DIBELIUS, THE EVANGELICAL BISHOP OF BERLIN : Dr. Dibelius called on Dr. Fisher at Lambeth Palace, London, during his recent brief visit to this country. Preaching at the Industrial Christian Fellowship's annual service at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Dr. Dibelius spoke of the glorification of work which was the ideal in the Eastern Zone of Germany. Declaring that "when work can no longer be done in freedom, then man is no longer master over matter, and matter masters man," he continued : "That is something which we in Germany can see vividly by looking at the most modern mines of our time—the new uranium mines in Saxony. Tens of thousands of workers are being compelled to work in these mines against their will. The moral and hygienic conditions are appalling."



THE PROPOSED CORONATION DECORATIONS FOR BOND STREET, SEEN FROM THE PICCADILLY ENTRANT : This cardboard model has been constructed by the Bond Street Association, who are responsible for the Coronation decorations in Bond Street. Shopkeepers will be responsible for decorating their own shop windows and will subscribe to the cost of supplying and fitting up the devices and banners seen in this picture. This cost is expected to be as much as £20,000.

TOGETHER THEY HURTLED THROUGH THE WING OF A HURDLE: Mr. W. Rook's Rose Dentelle, a runner in the Westmeston Novice Hurdle Race at Plumpton, and jockey D. Dillon as they came down. This had all the appearance of a very nasty fall, and so it proved, Dillon fracturing several ribs. He was allowed to return home after being strapped up. Rose Dentelle was the only one of the seventeen starters to come to grief. As a result of his fall Dillon lost the chance of riding three subsequent winners.

BRYAN MARSHALL AND LAKE GEORGE PART COMPANY AT HURST PARK: When Lake George fell two fences from home in the Novices' Steeplechase his chance of winning had already gone. Gay King, a six-year-old, had out-jumped him and the rest of the field. Marshall turned a complete somersault as he pitched forward.

MARCOMIR WOULD HAVE WON THE JUVENILE SELLING HURDLE AT HURST PARK HAD HE NOT COME TO GRIEF AT THE LAST FENCE: Marcomir, favourite at 7 to 4, was leading at the time and apparently full of running. The race went to the 100 to 8 outsider, Miss Fax.

Flat racing gave way to steeplechasing and hurdling in mid-November, and the followers of National Hunt rules were given more racing fare than they probably expected, with four meetings actually taking place on a single weekday. The number of falls sustained during recent meetings has been most marked, and Hurst Park indeed produced a whole crop of them on a single day, for the most part among horses which seemed to be heading for victory. In one race at Hurst Park R. Francis, on Highwayman, had a lead long before the last fence, and not being pressed, his mount took the fence indolently. Somehow or other he scrambled over, and despite the blunder, went on to win. The fall of Marcomir at the last fence was a blow for backers already anticipating their winnings.

OVER THE STICKS

Some Heavy Falls During the Opening Days of Racing at Plumpton and at Hurst Park

The QUEEN'S THEATRE VISIT on HER 5TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

HER MAJESTY, FOLLOWED BY PRINCESS MARGARET, LEAVES THE COLISEUM THEATRE, LONDO AFTER WITNESSING A PERFORMANCE OF "CALL ME MADAM": The Queen was also accor panied by the Duke of Edinburgh and by friends of the Royal Family. For the visit to t American musical the Queen wore a hip-length mink coat over her dress of white slipper satin, wh Princess Margaret had a hip-length jacket of ermine over her taffeta dress. Neither the Queen nor t Duke of Edinburgh had any official engagements outside Buckingham Palace on the day of their weddi anniversary. In the morning the Duke of Windsor, who had been staying with Queen Mary, visit the Palace, and during the day the Queen received in audience his Excellency Senhor Samuel de Sou Leão Gracie, the new Brazilian Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Last Tuesday the Que arranged to join the Queen Mother at Sandringham and to remain there until December

STIRLING'S WELCOME to the ARGYLL and SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDER

THIS WAS THE SCENE IN PORT STREET AS MEN OF THE 1ST BATTALION MARCHED THROUGH THE SCOTTISH TOWN TO RECEIVE A CIVIC WELCOME FOLLOWING THEIR RETURN FROM SERVICE IN KOREA AND THE FAR EAST: Thousands of people turned out to greet the men as they marched through the streets of the Battalion's traditional home on a route which took them more than an hour to cover. Lieut.-Colonel James Church, M.C., Commanding Officer, led the parade, and the salute was taken by Provost H. A. Watters from a dais, which had been decorated with the regimental colours of green and gold and positioned in Dumbarton Road just below the town's war memorial. In the drill hall of the regiment's Territorial unit, the 7th Battalion, Provost Watters gave the men from Korea their official welcome. "You are here claiming your rights of freemen, representing your regiment—Stirling's own regiment," he said. The Provost was referring to the regiment's freedom of the town and to the fact that Stirling Castle had recently had its status restored as the official depot of the regiment.

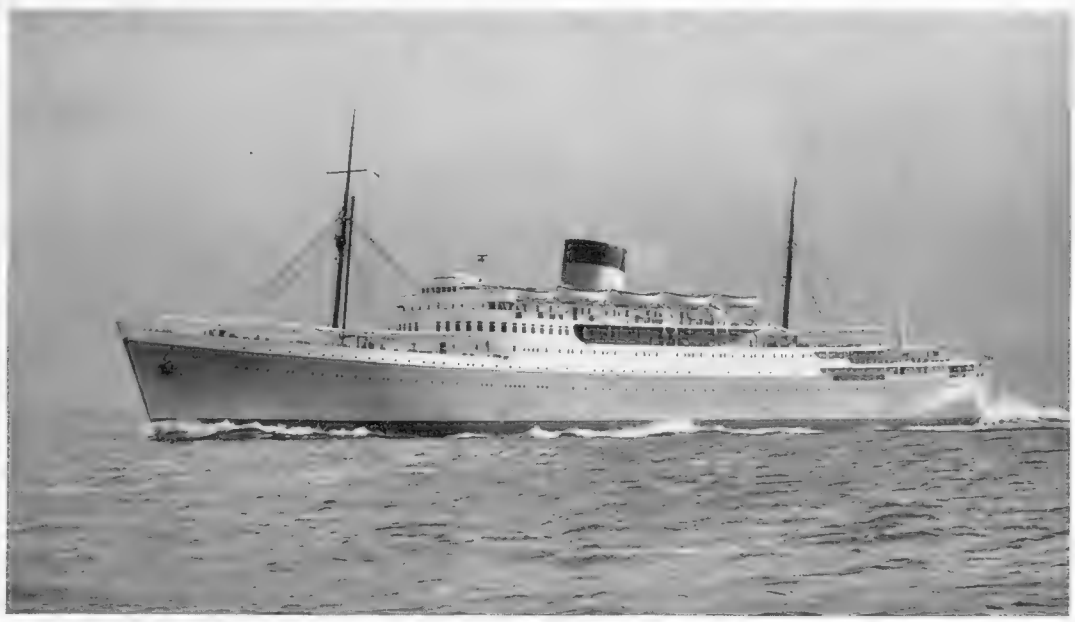
A MODEL OF THE NEW THREE-MASTED ROYAL YACHT WHICH IS EXPECTED TO BE COMPLETED BY THE END OF NEXT YEAR: In this Admiralty photograph the model has been superimposed upon a sea-and-sky effects background. It was announced last week that the new yacht will be launched by the Queen next April.

THE ROYAL YACHT

And Other News Concerning SHIPS

The general arrangements of the new Royal yacht, which is to be used as a small hospital ship in the event of war, have now been approved by the Queen. It is expected that the vessel will be ready by the end of 1953 and the launching by the Queen will take place in April. The keel was laid at the Clydeside yard of John Brown and Co. Ltd., last June. The yacht will displace about 4,000 tons and will have an overall length of 413 ft., a beam of 55 ft. and a maximum draught of 16 ft. Her continuous cruising speed will be 21 knots, and she will carry navigational radar. The entire structure above the water-line is to be riveted. The Royal and State apartments are situated in the after-part of the ship, and accommodation for the ship's officers and crew is forward. The State apartments are to be on the upper deck abaft the main mast, with the Royal apartments on the shelter deck. If the vessel is used as a hospital ship in wartime the after-end of the shelter deck could be used for helicopters to land patients. The Commanding Officer of the ship will be Vice-Admiral E. M. C. Abel Smith, who takes up his appointment as Flag Officer, Royal Yachts, in February.

CAPTAIN D. D. MACKENZIE, MASTER OF THE UNION CASTLE LINER "BRAEMAR CASTLE," AT A LUNCHEON GIVEN ON BOARD BEFORE THE LINER BEGAN HER MAIDEN VOYAGE FROM LONDON: Captain Mackenzie is seen shaking hands with Mr. Tom Yates, General Secretary of the National Union of Seamen. Sir Vernon Thomson, chairman of the Union Castle Line, is seen in the centre. The 17,029-ton *Braemar Castle*, latest of four one-class liners, left on her maiden voyage around Africa on November 20 and is due back on January 28. During her voyage she will circumnavigate the continent, calling at about twenty ports. The *Braemar Castle* carries 556 passengers.



THE NEW UNION CASTLE LINER "BRAEMAR CASTLE" SEEN DURING HER TRIALS OFF THE ISLE OF ARRAN: This handsome vessel, which sailed from London on her maiden voyage last week, is the latest to join the fleet on the "round Africa" service. Since the *Braemar Castle* will spend most of her time in the tropics, she has a large outdoor swimming-pool and air-conditioned dining saloon.

THE LAUNCHING OF THE "BRAEMAR"—THE SHIP THAT RAN AWAY: *On left*—The 5,000-ton passenger liner *Braemar* sliding down the launching ways at the Woolston yard of John I. Thornycroft at Southampton, to the skirl of the bagpipes. The port drag-chain did not hold and the hull swept across the Itchen River channel and struck a wooden jetty. *On right*—The vessel careering across the channel after entering the water. Sir John Thornycroft said afterwards that the ship sustained two small dents which could easily be repaired alongside, but that the ship would be dry-docked as a precaution.

The 5,000-ton passenger liner *Braemar*, built for a Norwegian firm by John I. Thornycroft and Co. Ltd., was launched last week by Mrs. Farquharson, wife of Captain Alwyn Farquharson, of Invercauld, on whose family estate Braemar is situated. When Mrs. Farquharson pulled the launching lever nothing happened for a few minutes, then suddenly the vessel began to move down the slipway rather too quickly. It is believed that the cold weather, which caused the tallow on the slipway to become hard, was the cause of the difficulty. As the *Braemar* moved down towards the water the port drag-chain carried away and the hull sailed without check across the channel to crash into the wooden section of the British Railways coal barge jetty. No one was hurt and damage to the vessel is believed to be superficial. The Norwegian Ambassador, Mr. Prebensen, who was present at the ceremony, said that the launching was a step in the contribution Great Britain was making to help rebuild the Norwegian merchant fleet, which had been destroyed during the last war. The *Braemar* will go into service between Newcastle-on-Tyne and Oslo next May, after being engined and fitted out at Oslo.

THE WRECKAGE OF THE WOODEN JETTY INTO WHICH THE "BRAEMAR," SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND, COLLIDED DURING HER LAUNCHING AT SOUTHAMPTON: Fortunately the vessel missed the solid cement piers on either side of the wooden jetty and received only superficial damage.

AND NOW THE AUTRONIC EYE!

Devices for the Motorist Crowd Upon Us Thick and Fast, Some of Them Admirable, Some of Them Doubtful Value on British Roads, and Nearly All of Them Complicated

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

IT really is getting a bit frightening. . . . Automatic transmissions seem reasonable enough, and the press-button control of such things as hood and windows can be accepted as a fascinating luxury device. But what about this new electronic headlamp dipping? And this fantastic idea of firing high-frequency rays at the car or lorry in front of you to inform the driver that you wish to overtake?

I can imagine many veteran drivers waxing very sarcastic about these "new-fangled" ideas. I can picture them saying, "Going just a bit too far this time, old boy!" as they think nostalgically of the days when such things as coil ignition, self-starters, electric wipers, automatic ignition and synchromesh gears were interesting novelties, of which they were perhaps equally critical when they first appeared.

Let 's take a look at these latest contributions to the cult of easier and safer motoring. First, the automatic dippers. They are already in use in the United States, where General Motors offer what they call the "Autronic Eye" on their Cadillac and Oldsmobile range.

When this device is fitted to a car its headlights are dipped automatically by a photo-electric cell operated by the headlamps of an approaching car, whether those headlamps are dipped or not.

That 's all very well in America, where there is a high degree of uniformity of lighting equipment on the roads. The use of a standardised beam pattern is universal there, and lamp-setting is also, in the main, uniform. It must also be remembered that in the States drivers use their headlights almost all the time after dark, even in lighted streets.

Now compare that with the conditions in the United Kingdom. Here we have headlamps of all kinds of shapes, sizes and intensity, fitted in all manner of positions on the car. Some are double-dippers, most are of the old dip-and-switch variety. And many, many drivers seem to use their headlamps only in the last resort.

They seem to switch them on only when they have passed the last lamp-post in a built-up area—and not always then. They fumble through dimly-lit suburban areas with only their side-lights burning, trusting to luck that they do not hit a cyclist whose rear light—if ever it existed—has failed altogether or sadly deteriorated.

Why do they do it? Is it a hang-over from the days when batteries were not so reliable as they are to-day and when their little stock of electricity had to be carefully conserved? I, personally, always keep my headlamps on—dipped—unless I am in a really well-lit street. And every night I am out driving I have to endure the bad-tempered, inexcusable "retaliation" of drivers who, because they think I am wrong in keeping my headlamps on, turn theirs on suddenly to "teach the fellow a lesson in manners."

They do not stop to ask themselves if *they* are wrong in not using *their* headlamps. They do not stop to think of the serious danger they create by suddenly turning their lights full on. But I am getting away from the point, which is that because of the lack of uniformity in car lighting on the roads of Britain, and because few drivers use their headlamps intelligently, automatic, electronically-controlled dipping would not work properly in the U.K. at the present time.

It would go no way at all towards solving the dazzle problem. All it would do would be to save a little trouble for the driver of a car fitted with one of these gadgets—and that alone would make a contribution to road safety. But only a small one, out of all proportion to the potential value of the idea.

I echo the words of a lighting engineer who said the other day: "Any attempt to stress the value of the electronic 'eye' as a contribution to the solution of the dazzle problem is an excuse for avoiding realities.

"The most important single factor in the solution of this problem is the adoption of an agreed uniform, standard passing beam. Until such time as the British motor industry adopts such a standard the use of any automatic dipping device is unlikely to be satisfactory."

The other idea to which I referred -a new-style warning device—is being investigated by the motoring organisations, whose Standing Joint Committee has set up a technical sub-committee to go into it. It is a device for projecting high-frequency rays which can be picked up by a photo-electric cell fitted to the vehicle in front, and so warning the driver of that vehicle that he is about to be overtaken. It would take the place of the ordinary horn and would produce either a warning sound or a light signal near the driver. The idea would seem to have a special application to the heavy lorries and motor-coaches, which often appear to be unable to hear even the most frantic hooting of cars trying to overtake.

The idea comes from Dr. Wilhelm Altrogge, a Hamburg engineer, and the International Automobile Federation, whose headquarters are in Paris, has shown great interest in it. The transmitter could be in the nature of a small bulb fitted to a car's headlamp. The stroboscopic rays it would send out would be effective up to about 100 yards.

At present it would cost £15 to install a "receiver" in a lorry and £5 to equip a car with the "transmitter." It would cost much less if large-scale use justified large-scale production. It is possible that the idea could be developed to warn drivers, in fog, that they were approaching a dangerous cross-road.

And so, Time marches on—and science contrives to clutter up our cars with more and more things to go wrong!

Within a few months new cars will begin to make their appearance on the roads of Britain with odd-looking number-plates. They will first appear in Middlesex, because that will be the first county to run out of the present registration marks.

The Ministry of Transport considered a number of alternative schemes for coping with this problem, and have decided on the simple expedient of putting the letters after the numbers as and when a county runs out of the current combinations with the letters in front.

Middlesex has an enormous car "population." Since 1903 it has registered 500,000 cars. Essex and Staffordshire are expected to have to adopt the new numbering system soon after Middlesex. The new system will apply only to new cars. There is no suggestion that existing numbers should be changed. That, of course, would defeat the whole scheme.

In most counties it will not be necessary to issue any figures-first registrations for many years. Distinguishing letters were first allotted to the licensing authorities in 1903. By 1932 the series of one and two letters was becoming exhausted and three-letter combinations were introduced. The different licensing areas will use the same letters and letter combinations under the new scheme as were employed in their letters-first registrations.

If you were driving along a level, dry road at 30 miles an hour and a sudden emergency presented itself, how long would *you* take to pull up? I bet you haven't the faintest idea. Neither had I when the question was fired at me recently. If your brakes are in good condition it would probably take you 75 ft.

It would do us all a lot of good if we went outside and measured out a distance of 75 ft. to see what it looks like. Better still if we always carried that measurement in our minds, for children have a habit of suddenly running across the road—and we are not always travelling as slowly as 30 m.p.h.

The distance which you actually take to pull up—if your brakes are good and the road dry—from the time you start applying the brakes is about 45 ft. But the average driver travels just over 30 ft. between the time he appreciates the fact that an emergency has occurred and the moment when his brain tells his right foot to stamp on the brake pedal.

That may seem a long time, but at 30 m.p.h. you travel 30 ft. in seven-tenths of a second—which is the average time it takes for a driver to react to an emergency. At the Motor Show the British School of Motoring had a device—a replica of the driving seat and controls in an ordinary car—which they use to test the reactions of their pupils. It measures the time taken for the pupil to apply his brakes after a warning light flashes on the make-believe dashboard to tell him that an emergency calls for the use of the brakes.

During the Show a number of well-known British racing drivers were invited to undergo this reaction test, and the result was most interesting. Stirling Moss, Mike Hawthorn and Raymond Mays reacted in three-tenths of a second—the average is seven-tenths—remember—while the following drivers took four-tenths of a second: John Cooper, Joe Heath, George Abecassis, Franco Cortese, Johnny Lurani and Paul Frere, all of which may or may not prove anything at all.

Let me finish this week with a bit of rally news. . . . An all-time record of 447 competitors has been accepted for next year's Monte Carlo Rally, and 114 of them will be British. This is the second highest total of any of the twenty-three countries taking part. France will have 150 competitors, and as ever she dominates the entries if only by reason of the fact that so much of the rally is conducted on her own terrain.

Next, in order, come Germany (38), Sweden (27), Italy (18) and Holland (15). In the 1952 Rally Sydney Allard gained Britain's first win for twenty-one years and other British cars came high in the finishing order. It was beyond doubt a vintage year for Britain.

THE T.D.s RALLY IN RENO: The celebrated city of Nevada played host to approximately 100 M.G. T.D. Midgets recently. The occasion was the first annual Reno Sports Car Rally held by the Sports Car Clubs of Northern California. Some of the T.D.s are seen in this picture before leaving Reno on a day trip to Virginia City.

ONE OF THE MANY NOVELTIES AT THE CYCLE AND MOTOR-CYCLE SHOW AT EARL'S COURT, WEST LONDON: This streamlined motor-cycle, powered by a 98 cc. engine, is a product of the General Steel and Iron Company, of Hayes, Middlesex. It does 160 miles to the gallon and is priced at £74 19s. 6d., including purchase tax. Included in the Show were more than fifty types of bicycles for export. There were models with enclosed gears to prevent the chain-wheel from getting tangled in tropical vegetation and others designed to keep the flowing garments of riders in India off the ground and away from the chain. The exhibition closed last Saturday.

THE MINISTER OF FUEL AND POWER TRIES OUT THE WORLD'S FIRST TURBO-JET CAR: Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, Minister of Fuel and Power, is seen at the wheel of the Rover turbo-jet car returning to the Rover Car Factory in Birmingham after driving the car at 70 m.p.h. during a trial. The turbo-jet car has travelled at speeds exceeding 140 m.p.h., but it is unlikely that such cars will be on sale in the near future.

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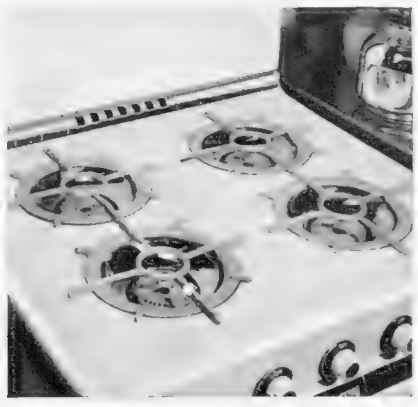

Though it's a *larger* gas cooker, the Raymond saves floor space, for it fits right against the wall. Oven vents are just behind the hotplate — see above.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

SOMERSET MAUGHAM AND SANTA CLAUS

"The Vagrant Mood" is a Delightfully Varied Selection which Inevitably Commends Itself for the Christmas Gift Giver

MANY people might not consider that a comparison between Mr. Somerset Maugham and Santa Claus would be particularly apt. Yet among the large number of people who will receive books as Christmas presents it will be safe to predict that a fair percentage will be getting THE VAGRANT MOOD (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.). Whether he is writing about Augustus Hare, whom he knew well, or upon *Some Novelists I Have Known*, you may be certain that his portrait of each of these characters is sure enough to make the reader feel that he has known each of them himself. Whether or not the reader is devoted to the reading of detective stories, as Mr. Maugham confesses he is, the piece entitled *The Decline and Fall of the Detective Story* is certain to entertain him. There are other things in *The Vagrant Mood* which reveal the author's warmth and humour, as well as the range of his erudition. I cannot think of a better Christmas present, and I do not think many people will try.

In the deciduous wilderness, which may be said to be a working description of the current publishing season, one little book shines forth as a beacon of pure delight and, I believe, of lasting literature. MOVABLE FEASTS, by Arnold Palmer (Geoffrey Cumberlege. 16s. net), is an inquiry into our mealtime habits. We are reminded that in the days of William the Conqueror dinner was served at 9 a.m., while somewhere in the 1930's fashionable circles were dining at 9 p.m. What happened in those nine centuries to cause this advance of twelve hours?

Mr. Arnold Palmer begins his examination in the late years of the eighteenth century, in which we see the gradual establishment of the well-known round of breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner. With wit and erudition the author moves among the great novelists who were the social historians of their day, and re-introduces us to the mealtimes of Jane Austen, Peacock and Maria Edgeworth, for instance, with many asides such as these: "Though Miss Austen's novels are notoriously unaware of the great days in which they were written . . . her books will be everyone's choice as first witness"; or "Peacock, of course, liked a bit of fun, but his evidence should not be disregarded too readily. If he idealised food it was because he respected it."

And now for a batch of biographies, some of them in the third, but most of them in the first person. Many of them are written by distinguished women, and in case anyone should think that the life of a gently-bred woman must have a certain monotony in its course, or in its telling, I would point out that the books I mention cover aspects of life as strangely varied as grand ducal parties and the work of a Chief Coxswain at a wartime flying-boat base.

The Baroness Agnes de Stoeckl, in MY DEAR MARQUIS (John Murray. 21s.), writes of Russian nobles, French dinners and Polish palaces with her customary verve, and her individual blend of candour and nostalgia. I enjoyed it thoroughly, the illustrations of stiffly posed, long-ago groups almost as much as the text.

DON'T LOOK ROUND (Hutchinson. 16s.) is the title of Mrs. Violet Trefusis's book of memoirs which have more wit than continuity and are, in her own words, selected moments, hand-picked. The author's love for France and her English birth have contributed to a life that has been full both intellectually and socially, and that would provide material for at least two or three more amusing and often astringent volumes of reminiscence.

Lady Tweedsmuir, in THE LILAC AND THE ROSE (Duckworth. 12s. 6d.), has written of late Victorian and Edwardian days in a gently discursive book of memoirs which is less about herself than about the times in which she was young. Country house parties, guests and relations are passed under kindly review, and again the photographs are a rich part of the book; notably a perfect one of a Victorian bedroom complete with a Victorian lady reading in bed.

MISS DANIELLE BONNAIRE: This is a reproduction from one of Mr. Nicholas Egon's drawings in *Some Beautiful Women of To-day* (Putnam. 25s.). The book contains forty-eight portrait drawings, originally executed in sanguine chalk, charcoal or with a mixture of black-and-white chalk. There is an introduction by Maurice Collis.

THE PATH OF KINGS (Blandford. 16s.) gives the story of the Royal Family in the historical setting of the Throne, and one of its author's objects has been to show the role and purpose of that Throne. Lady Hardinge writes with exceptional authority on her subject, since her husband was Secretary to three Kings—George V, Edward VIII and George VI.

GROW OLD ALONG WITH ME (Secker and Warburg. 15s.), a further book of reminiscences by Mrs. Violet Stuart-Wortley, has much of the richness of the Edwardian era about it, but it also has a very lively appreciation of the present day, of travelling in any quarter of the globe, and of the unexpectedly funny, whether encountered in Persia, where Mossadeq twenty-five years ago was apparently known as the loopy doctor, or in Highcliffe Castle, which was her home, and where a case of stuffed animals showed a trial scene with an owl as judge and a rat as defendant!

The author of the moving and infinitely courageous book, BY THE WATERS OF THE DANUBE (Cresset Press. 15s.), is a Polish lady, Alexandra Orme, who was living in Budapest in 1945, escaped to Poland to see her parents and managed, in dangerous and squalid circumstances, to get back, thinking the journey well worth the hideous circumstances in which it was made. The life in Budapest, too, is described in terms that are candid rather than morbid, and which convince one not only of the writer's, but of her people's, indomitable spirit.

NO DISTRESS SIGNALS (Peter Davies. 15s.) is some account of her war experiences by Winifred Brown who, just before 1939, had sailed a 45-ft. boat to Spitzbergen and found herself in the Arctic when war broke out. Having sailed back to Wales, she became a trawler-skipper, a wife and mother, and finally Chief Coxswain at a base in Anglesey: a civilian in charge of a crew of men and a fleet of R.A.F. craft. It is a heartening, good-tempered book and its author (who incidentally is still the only woman to win the King's Cup Air Race), deserves our congratulations on the humour and endurance she brought to her work.

Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart writes of MY EUROPE (Putnam. 16s.) and of the people and political situations he has met there in the course of his consular, banking, journalistic and diplomatic career. Of Russia, "the dominant influence in my life," he writes that it was "the scene of my youthful rise and fall, and even to-day she haunts me like an unfaithful mistress I cannot discard." Sir Robert also treats of France, of Czechoslovakia, of the death of Benes, of Norway and Sweden, of Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands, and in his conclusion sees some cause for optimism in our joint future.

THE RULING FEW (Hollis and Carter. 25s.) is a study of what Sir David Kelly calls the human background to diplomacy, for this diplomat of thirty years' standing maintains that in every country, however the regime changes, there are always a few who are the real rulers, whether they are the royalty or the aristocracy, the professional politicians or the great bankers. Sir David was our Ambassador in Moscow from 1949 to 1951, and his observations on his experiences there make absorbing reading. Altogether, a book to study and to enjoy—not always synonymous occupations.

Mr. Edward Crankshaw's study of Viscount Milner, THE FORSAKEN IDEA (Longmans. 15s.), is not, he tells us, a biography but a sketch of Lord Milner's ideas as reflected in his speeches and writing, and in his actions, especially in South Africa, with particular regard to their relevance to our own problems. Mr. Crankshaw is well aware that his point of view about the statesman may be criticised and the book described as biased, but as he points out, the opposition side have held the field for nearly half a century. We may be said to know their ideas. Here are some fresh and challenging ones.

FLAMES IN THE SKY (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.) is a further volume of air experiences by Mr. Pierre Clostermann, whose book *The Big Show* left such an impression on its readers. The stories in the present collection, which have been translated by Mr. Oliver Berthoud, are all taken from the archives, and besides the exploits of such aces as "Screwball" Beurling and "Sailor" Malan, there are notes on the performance of some of the last war's outstanding aircraft. Again a fascinating book with the seal of authenticity on it.

Some of the Other New Autumn Publications

STORIES FROM GILBERT AND SULLIVAN (Werner Laurie. 15s.), *by Gladys Davidson, contains, in addition to the stories of the operas, three invaluable indexes, brief biographies of Sir William Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan, and a range of illustrations.*

THE READER'S DIGEST OMNIBUS (Andre Deutsch. 15s.) *with a foreword by H. E. Bates, is published at the time of the monthly magazine's thirtieth anniversary.*

VENICE: The Lion and the Peacock (Robert Hale. 25s.) *written and illustrated by Laurence Scarfe, is a volume of the author's personal impressions as he watched the Comedy of Tourism played out against the incomparable settings of the Italian city.*

In **MORE ABOUT COLLECTING ANTIQUES** (Country Life. 42s.), *with 5 colour plates and 147 illustrations, G. Bernard Hughes writes primarily for beginner-collectors and for those who want to enjoy such heirlooms or chance acquisitions as they may possess.*

DESIGN AND DECORATION IN THE HOME (Batsford. 30s.), *by Noel Carrington, is the first survey in the post-war period of domestic design in Great Britain. There are 4 colour plates and more than 300 reproductions from photographs.*

ACROSS THE SPACE FRONTIER (Sidgwick and Jackson. 21s.), *edited by Cornelius Ryan, has been written by Dr. Wernher von Braun, Willy Ley, Dr. Fred Whipple, Dr. Joseph Kaplan, Dr. Heinz Haber and Oscar Schachter, and illustrated by Chesley Bonestell, Fred Freeman and Rolf Klep. There is a foreword by Sir Harold Jones.*

PICTURE BOOK OF RUSSIA (Country Life. 16s.) *was compiled by Lady Kelly, wife of the former British Ambassador, during his travels in the Soviet Union between 1949-51.*

RAILWAY FROLICS

Fun and Games on the Railways of the World

From its earliest beginnings almost a century-and-a-half ago the railway has excited men's minds, and no other form of transport, save perhaps the sailing-ship, has produced such a rich and varied literature.

Here are three new volumes this week all dealing with the railway, and pride of place, for the sheer drama of its telling, goes to Martin Fiala's 9.15 TO FREEDOM (Allan Wingate. 7s. 6d.). Most newspaper readers will remember the reports of the Czech "local" which left Prague one day at 9.15, and was boarded at every station en route by groups of workaday men, women and children who were in the secret of where it was going. How the train crashed at 60 m.p.h. through a wooden barrier set across the frontier at the border town of Asch, taking into the American Zone a number of dejected Communists, who were not in the plot, and a number of delighted democrats, who were in the plot, is now history. Martin Fiala describes that historic dash for freedom in factual detail, but because of the intense drama of it all his account reads like a thrilling novel of suspense.

And now here is Stuart Legg's collection for corner-seat reading—none other than an anthology of the iron road which he calls THE RAILWAY BOOK (Rupert Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.). Mr. Legg's sole aim, he says, has been to capture something of the tang and flavour of the writing produced by the impact of railways on affairs and literature. Monarchs, statesmen, travellers and journalists, novelists and poets have contributed to this varied assortment, and in his introduction Mr. Legg expresses the hope that the reader will enjoy the ride as much as he and his friends have enjoyed marshalling the train. One of the earliest extracts from railway writing concerns the ubiquitous Thomas Creevey, the diarist, who described his first railway journey in November 1829 as "a lark of a very high order." Creevey found it difficult to divest himself of the notion of impending and instant death. Eight years later Charles Greville was much more flattering about rail travel, noting how little embarrassment it caused, while in 1842 Queen Victoria in her diary had nothing but good to say of a dust-free journey from Windsor to London. The poets have quite a part in this engaging anthology, with pride of place going perhaps to Emily Dickinson's "Amherst Train" ("I like to see it lap the miles and lick the valleys up"), and W. H. Auden's "Night Mail," beginning:

> "This is the night mail crossing the border,
> Bringing the cheque and the postal order,
> Letters for the rich, letters for the poor,
> The shop at the corner and the girl next door."

Almost equally entertaining is LINES OF CHARACTER (Constable. 21s.), in which L. T. C. Rolt and P. B. Whitehouse describe together some of the lesser-known byways of the railway systems of Great Britain and Ireland. This exploration of the more bucolic branch lines, such as the romantic Grampian route of the old Highland line to the North of Scotland, the narrow-gauge railways of Wales and Ireland, is full of fascination and diversity, and some of the photographs have to be seen to be believed. Emett is well and truly outdone.

When the full story of the creation of the Israeli Republic comes to be written, the historian will have, inevitably, to call upon Shlomo Barer's THE MAGIC CARPET (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), in which he recounts the dramatic exodus of 50,000 Yemenite Jews who, after 3,000 years in exile, trekked in a great flood across the mountains and deserts of Arabia to the Aden Protectorate, being then transported to the Promised Land by an improvised air-lift known as "Operation Magic Carpet." The drama of the story is heightened by the contrast between the desert trek and the subsequent air-lift, also by the almost apocalyptic frenzy of those who made this golden journey.

Anna Mary Robertson Moses is a very wonderful old lady whom America has taken to its sentimental heart. Late in life, when freed from the chores of caring for children, butter-making, jam-preserving and generally keeping house, Grandma took to painting. Like everything else, she worked hard at her new hobby, exhibited her very colourful pictures at a local drug store, won the interest of a New York art collector, and almost overnight became nationally acclaimed. In GRANDMA MOSES (Deutsch. 21s.) she tells her life-story and some of her paintings are reproduced in colour. On this side of the Atlantic, where we can be relied upon perhaps to see this thing in fair perspective, it seems clear that Grandma Moses is no genius with brush and palette, but there can be no gainsaying the pleasure she has given.

Volcanology is a dangerous science whose few practitioners often take the greatest personal risks in search of information. Haroun Tazieff relates his adventures as a volcanologist in CRATERS OF FIRE (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.), which is in part an account of a visit to the Belgian Congo, where he studied a series of eruptions in the great chain of volcanoes in the Kiruna range, one of them from the new volcano to which he gave the name Kituro.

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GOOD KING WENCESLAS *by John Lefroy*
WAY OF LIFE. *A short story by Monica Ewen*
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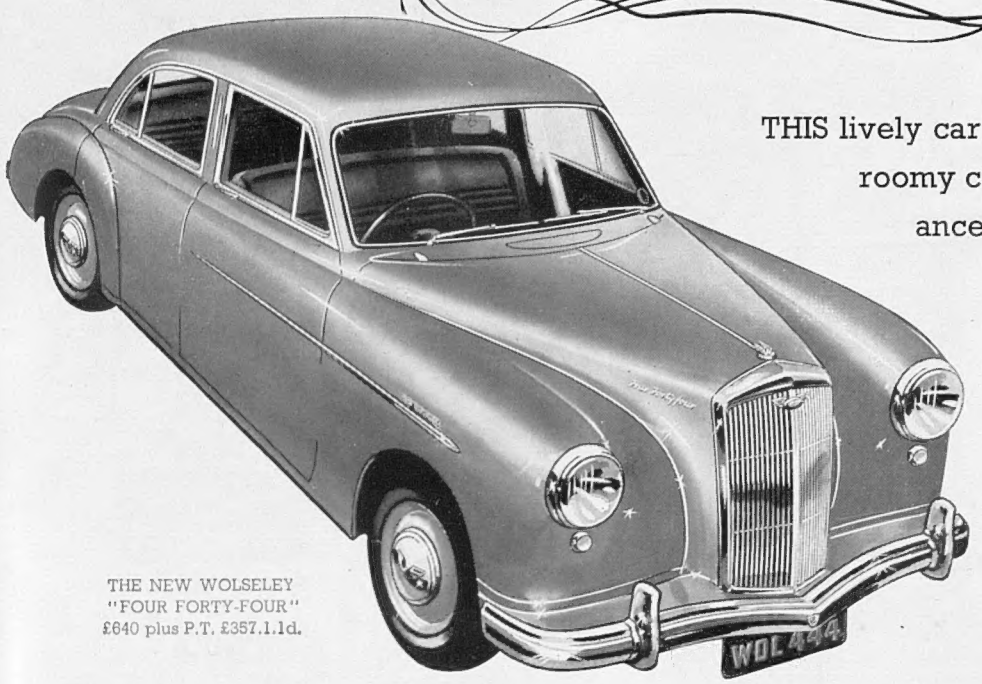

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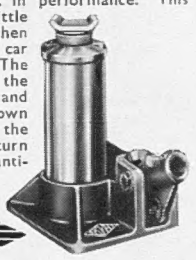

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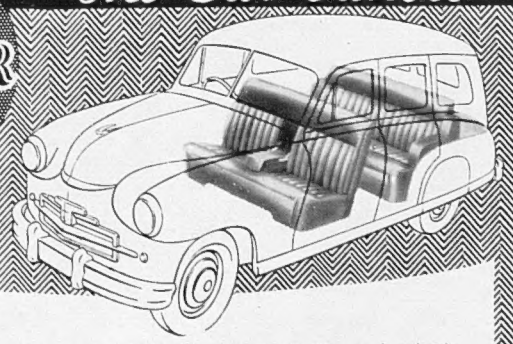

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